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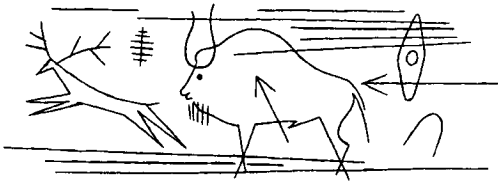
SEPTEMBER 1947

The American Mercury

THE SECRET STALIN-HITLER PLANS *Neal Stanford*
WHAT LIBERALISM MEANS TO ME *Dorothy Thompson*
POWER OF RADIO COMMENTATORS *Giraud Chester*

PERON: FASCISM'S NEWEST FACE

by Stephen Neft
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Down to Earth

It might be your inherent love of nature that makes you select "Down to Earth" as your favorite Mercury department (in poll after poll you do just that), but we suspect that Alan Devoe's writing skill has more than a little to do with it.

*Ever since his first nature article appeared in THE MERCURY ten years ago, Devoe has been winning friends for the magazine. And that's a real tribute to him, for nature-study is a difficult subject to make popular. But he has invested it with an extraordinary simplicity which has made it appealing to thousands of non-scientists.**

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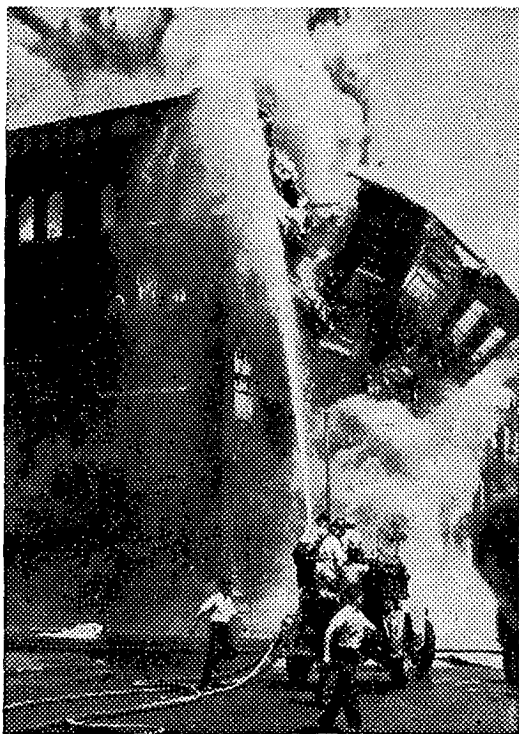
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The American Mercury

THE SECRET STALIN-HITLER PLANS

BY

NEAL STANFORD

BEFORE many months the world is going to begin getting the unexpurgated account of prewar Russo-German collaboration.

Scholars from the three western powers (Britain, France and the United States) have just met in Berlin and put finishing touches on plans to publish the German Foreign Office documents their armies captured.

Among those papers are the full accounts of the Nazi-Soviet secret negotiations of 1939-40, in which the two powers carved out territorial rights in Europe, Asia and Africa. Also among the papers is the story of

what shipwrecked this strange collaboration.

These papers disclose a story of power politics in the raw. They expose the diplomatic maneuverings by which two totalitarian powers arbitrarily established spheres of influence and staked out geographic claims with no regard to the peoples or states involved. They may help Americans understand why the United States finds it so hard — if not impossible — to do business with Stalin.

The western powers will eventually publish about 25 volumes of these German state papers. It would be

NEAL STANFORD is State Department correspondent and foreign affairs specialist of the Washington Bureau of the Christian Science Monitor. He has seen many of the documents referred to in this article, as well as others among the tons of German state papers dealing with Nazi diplomacy which were captured by the Anglo-American armies, and he has discussed their content with high officials in the State Department.

impossible to publish everything captured on German diplomacy and intrigue; literally tons of official files and state papers were turned up, despite the elaborate efforts of the Nazis to destroy them. Actually, less than 1 per cent of the mountain of material seized will be published, but that 1 per cent — or 25 volumes — it is promised, will give a full picture of Nazi diplomacy from the rise of Hitler to his death.

For obvious reasons the Russians are boycotting this history project. The Soviets have never let their own people know of the secret negotiations the Kremlin carried on with the Nazis. They successfully prevented the story from being aired at the Nuremberg trials, when the west tried to get it read into the record as evidence of the Third Reich's imperialist designs. For while the material would have added to the indictment of Hitlerism, it would also have portrayed the Kremlin as an aggressor. But when the 25 volumes are published, news stories on them will be carried by the *Voice of America* to all parts of the globe. Even a few Russians may hear how their government connived to divide up the Baltic states, the Balkans and the Near and Middle East with their then good friends the Nazis.

Though the Russians have turned down the western bid to publish jointly the full file on Nazi diplomacy, the Soviets are using the Nazi documents they possess themselves to discredit those powers they presently

dislike. They have already published for domestic consumption three volumes on Nazi relations with Turkey, Hungary and Franco Spain.

The west, in contrast, will publish the German documents chronologically, letting exposés fall where they may. Incidentally, a few Americans, and a few more Englishmen, will have their reputations singed when these volumes appear.

The details of these Nazi-Soviet connivings will provide some of the most fascinating and devastating disclosures in the volumes the west is preparing to publish. Not that these secret deals and intrigues of 1939-40 have not been guessed at extensively, and, in a few cases, accurately reported in the American and British press. But with publication of these volumes of Nazi state papers, the public and the historians will have for the first time a detailed and official account of the negotiations that went on between Moscow and Berlin before Hitler turned on his ally.

II

In substance these documents disclose the following political drama:

The first evidence that the Nazis and Communists agreed to call off their enmity of each other appeared as early as the fall of 1938. It was then that the two totalitarian régimes agreed to cut down the volume and viciousness of the propaganda war they were waging against each other.

It was in March 1939, however, that the first concrete steps were

taken to patch up their relations and attempt to reach an agreement for their mutual benefit.

Premier Stalin made the first move. In one of his infrequent public statements the Soviet premier let it be known that as far as he was concerned "violent contradictions in outlook and forms of government were no barrier to cooperation between states having similar material interests." He said he would welcome proposals for "a realistic arrangement." This was the cue for Hitler to inquire what agreements could be arranged with the Kremlin in eastern Europe.

Parenthetically, it might be noted that Stalin's technique of suggesting that a deal would be acceptable to the Kremlin is of particular interest today, in the light of several interviews Stalin has recently given to a number of Americans and Englishmen. In his exchanges with Harold Stassen, with Elliot Roosevelt, with Hugh Baillie of the United Press and with British correspondent Alexander Werth, Stalin was dropping the same bait he so effectively dangled before Hitler in 1939. Again he is saying: our two systems, no matter how they differ, can cooperate as long as we have the same material goals. What makes the 1939 proposition unworkable in 1947 is that then one dictator was dealing with another, whereas today Stalin is dealing with a democracy which cannot take part in such shady deals.

This is something Moscow will not, or perhaps cannot, understand. When the full minutes of all the Foreign

Ministers' conferences over the past two years become a matter of public record (if they ever do) Americans will be amazed and shocked at the disclosure that Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov has several times pleaded with the American Secretary of State for a private settlement of the peace terms, which would let the rest of the world — including the British — go hang. That is the totalitarian way of doing things. To the Kremlin the American way is weak, unnecessary and foolhardy.

After Stalin's March 1939 speech, the next move was up to Hitler. The Fuehrer appears to have hesitated at first, but while he was trying to decipher Stalin's intentions the West (France and Britain) put in their own bid to the Kremlin to form a peace bloc. That appears to have forced Hitler's hand. On April 28, 1939 he made one of his theatrical bombastic appearances before the German Reichstag. This time, contrary to his custom, he made no derogatory remarks about the Soviet Union; his speech contained none of the usual anti-Soviet gibes. It was obvious that something was in the wind.

Sensing that a deal was now possible, Stalin acted quickly. Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet Foreign Minister who stood for collective security and the united front against fascism, was fired, and V. M. Molotov took his place. Berlin reacted by suggesting that trade negotiations be reopened. Russia approved. A period of courtship had begun.

From the evidence on hand, however, it appears that Hitler still had some doubts about his prospective partner. Stalin was still dicker with the British and French, and was even toying with the idea of a defensive alliance with the west. The need for expanding economic talks into political agreements seemed all too obvious to Hitler.

So, as the record will show, Hitler took the plunge. He ordered his Ambassador in Moscow, Count Frederic Werner von der Schulenburg, to suggest to the Russians that the German Foreign Minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, visit Moscow and conclude an agreement "on a broad basis."

At this point the Russians, who had themselves initiated the march of events toward a rapprochement, displayed some hesitation. There was a Franco-British military mission in Moscow which made it wiser to postpone the Ribbentrop visit for a time, Molotov explained. Perhaps September would be better.

But Hitler, who was now determined to nail down his eastern front, was not to be put off. The Foreign Office files show that he knew the price Moscow would ask for cooperation, and that he was prepared to pay it. He appealed directly to Stalin to get talks going immediately.

In his note, which appears in the volumes now being prepared for publication, he accepted Moscow's claims to territorial adjustments from the Baltic to the Black Sea. He went even further. He confided in Stalin his de-

termination to move on Poland. He made it plain that an understanding between the two powers over geographical matters was imperative.

Hitler and his chiefs then sat back and sweated it out, waiting for a reply from Moscow. After a few days it came. Stalin was willing. The stage was set for the first act in carving up eastern Europe.

Ribbentrop and his aides, so the files show, arrived in Moscow on the morning of August twenty-third, uncertain of what to expect. At four that afternoon they were inside the Kremlin. Twelve hours later they emerged, their mission accomplished; they had dealt directly with Stalin. They had signed a non-aggression pact with a great deal of pomp and publicity, and had also agreed to a secret protocol dividing eastern Europe into Russian and German spheres.

III

In those territorial negotiations Stalin, so the record shows, got practically everything he asked for. For a time it had appeared as if trouble might arise over the disposition of several Baltic ports. Stalin said that Russia, not Germany, must have them; otherwise there would be no treaty. Ribbentrop called Hitler on the telephone. The Fuehrer acquiesced.

That secret territorial settlement is among the Nazi state papers now being published by the western powers. Translating its diplomatic jargon into simple English, this is what it provided:

1. Finland, Estonia and Latvia were assigned to Russia.

2. The southernmost Baltic state, Lithuania, was placed in the German zone.

3. Poland, which had been divided so many times in history by these same two powers, was prepared for a new partition by division into "spheres of interest . . . following the line of the Rivers Narow, Vistula and San."

4. The question of "whether it is desirable to maintain an independent Polish state" was postponed, apparently until such time as Germany's approaching attack should make its elimination an accomplished fact.

5. Bessarabia (the eastern province of Rumania) was assigned to the Soviet sphere, Germany affirming "its complete political disinterestedness in that area."

All of this was accomplished on August twenty-third. On September first Hitler attacked Poland. A few weeks later the fighting was over.

Poland's quick collapse made another Russo-German conference necessary; the August agreement was already out of date. So again Ribbentrop flew to Moscow. He arrived on September twenty-seventh.

This time it took two days for the spoils-hungry dictatorships to revise their territorial claims in the light of events. Again Stalin kept the initiative. He asked that Lithuania, which the August agreement had assigned to the Germans, be put in his sphere. In

return he agreed to give up a portion of his Polish spoils.

Just as before, Ribbentrop telephoned Hitler for his decision. And, just as in August, Hitler quickly acquiesced. According to this secret protocol entered into by Moscow and Berlin on September twenty-eighth:

1. Lithuania was to be taken from Germany and placed in the Soviet sphere.

2. The Polish districts of Lublin and Warsaw were to be switched from the Russian to the German sphere.

3. After Russia had taken "special measures on the Lithuanian territory for the protection of her interests" (meaning occupation and Sovietization), a new boundary was to be drawn between Lithuania and Germany. The Nazis were to get a small slice of southern Lithuania, the district of Mariampol.

Stalin, himself, drew this new frontier that was to make Russia and Germany neighbors — some accounts say he used a red pencil, others a green.

This was the second secret territorial deal put through by the two powers in a little over a month.

The Russians wasted no time in collecting on their part of the bargain. The ink was hardly dry before they called in the three Baltic states — Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania — and forced mutual assistance pacts on them. Finland, however, proved more troublesome. Its refusal to turn the port of Hango and Finnish areas near Leningrad over to Russia resulted in

the Soviet invasion of Finland in December 1939. Four months later the Finns were forced to capitulate; they surrendered Hango, Viborg and territory in Karelia and about Lake Ladoga to Russia.

Following these two secret territorial agreements, Russo-German negotiations for a time concentrated on economic and military matters. The Soviets put in orders for heavy machine tools, anti-aircraft equipment, airplanes, warship designs and equipment. Most of these the Germans approved and turned over to them. Germany in turn asked for and got considerable raw material from Russia. Its hints that it would like base rights in Murmansk and the Far East, however, were ignored or delayed by red tape. Thus passed the fall of 1939 and the spring of 1940.

It was not many months before each of the powers became increasingly suspicious of the other's designs and motives, and their economic exchanges became harder to carry out. Moscow became alarmed by the successes of the German army, particularly its successful blitzkrieg in the west. Germany in turn became irritated over the outbreak of war between Russia and Finland. "A noticeable cooling off" in relations and cooperation was reported to Berlin in June 1940 by the German military attaché in Moscow.

Moscow's annexation of the Baltic republics in the summer of 1940, even though it was allowed under the terms of the secret protocol of August 1939,

alarmed Hitler. So did Moscow's follow-through in picking up Bessarabia. When the Russians moved into northern Bukovina (a Rumanian province not included in the deal) the Nazis decided that the Soviets had gone too far.

IV

It was obvious that another meeting of the two expansionist-minded dictatorships would have to be held if a clash was to be averted. Their cooperation was deteriorating; their promises to keep each other informed of their respective European plans were being ignored.

On November 12, 1940, Molotov turned up in Berlin. With Poland gone, with France prostrate, and with only England standing between Hitler and victory, the time had arrived for an understanding between Moscow and Berlin on the division of the global spoils.

The German files on this meeting are complete — and damning, as will be evident when the papers are published. Hitler opened with the assurance that Britain's defeat was imminent. Therefore it was imperative that an agreement be reached on the carving up of the British Empire. It was his suggestion that Moscow concentrate its ambitions southward and to the east. It was quite obvious, he said, that Moscow's interests lay in acquiring a warm sea outlet, and the one through Iran and the Persian Gulf seemed ideal. Broadly speaking, Germany would get her reimburse-

ments in the west, and Russia's sphere of interest would lie to the east.

Molotov replied that he must first receive specific answers to some specific questions. Did Berlin still recognize Moscow's rights in Finland? He intimated that the USSR intended to attack Finland and incorporate it into the Soviet Union. Hitler answered that the August 1939 deal which had put Finland in the Soviet sphere was still good. But, he added, an attack on Finland could not be received passively by Germany, which had economic interests there of vital concern.

Next Molotov raised the question of the Balkans. Germany's recent guarantee of Rumania's borders, which had been given without notifying Russia, looked like a direct slap at the Soviet Union. Hitler replied that since Russia had already collected its spoils in Rumania, he did not see why Moscow should be concerned.

Molotov then raised the question of the neighboring Balkan state of Bulgaria. What were Germany's intentions there? Suppose Moscow were to take Bulgaria under its wing, as Germany had Rumania? He pointed out that a defensive alliance with Bulgaria could give Russia an opening to the Mediterranean. Bulgaria lay naturally in the Soviet security zone because of its proximity to the Dardanelles. Finally, Molotov directly broached the issue of the Straits.

Hitler countered by insisting he could not take any position on Bul-

garia without first consulting the Bulgarians and his Italian ally, Mussolini, who had interests in the Mediterranean. As for the Straits, he was not prepared to discuss them at the moment. German Foreign-Office accounts disclose Hitler's fear that if Soviet expansionism were to engulf or bypass the Dardanelles, there would be no stopping it east of Yugoslavia. It was the Fuehrer's determination to channel Russian expansion south and east into Iran and toward the Persian Gulf.

Having got nowhere on Finland, Rumania, Bulgaria or the Straits, Molotov returned to the subject of British possessions in Asia. Here the Germans repeated their earlier assertion that that region would be the natural area for Soviet expansion. Hitler, in fact, declared that he would "welcome" Soviet expansion in that direction.

Molotov next raised the issue of the Baltic. Could Germany give Russia the right to see that the waterway through the Skagerrak and Kattegat was kept open? The Germans replied quickly and emphatically to this Soviet attempt to expand its sphere westward: "Intolerable."

The two powers were thus deadlocked on five of the six issues they had met to resolve. They had disagreed on Finland, Rumania, Bulgaria, the Straits and the Baltic. They had agreed only on the Middle East. The conference that was to have unified the Nazi and Soviet imperialisms in a drive of global proportions had

ended in failure. The lagging Russo-German cooperation in economic matters now came to a standstill. A Russo-German clash seemed inevitable.

Molotov, on returning to Moscow, made a feeble effort to reopen negotiations with Berlin. He sent Hitler a number of proposals through the German Ambassador in Moscow, but these only restated the Soviet position taken at Berlin, which Hitler had

already turned down. They were never answered.

Thus in November 1940 a remarkable friendship of one year and three months was ended. Hitler did not attack Russia until June 22, 1941, seven months after this failure in power diplomacy. But, from the record, soon to be made public, there is no question but that the die was cast in mid-November 1940. The imperialists had fallen out over the spoils.

BE STILL AS YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL

BY PATRICK MACDONOGH

Be still as you are beautiful,
Be silent as the rose;
Through miles of starlit countryside
Unspoken worship flows
To reach you in your loveless room
From lonely men whom daylight gave
The blessing of your passing face
Impenetrably grave.

A white owl in the lichened wood
Is circling silently;
More secret and more silent yet
Must be your love to me.
Thus, while about my dreaming head
Your soul in ceaseless vigil goes,
Be still as you are beautiful,
Be silent as the rose.

ILLINOIS

BY ALBERT PARRY

FROM certain Illinois patriots you may gather the idea that most of the state's citizens are Northern, white, Protestant and as native as corn. The followers of Colonel Robert R. McCormick's school are convinced that the bulk of the Prairie State folk are of English stock yet anti-British; that though descended from Yankee migrants they fortunately lack the snobbishness of Boston and the foreignism of New York; and that while modern in every respect they haven't lost an iota of the original, sound Americanism of the Republic's founding fathers.

To such writers and orators Illinois is, in sum, the true hub and heart of the Union. While ruggedly Midwestern, it is the torch-bearer of the industrious and otherwise virtuous North which vanquished the indolent, slaveholding South. To them the chief symbol of the state is New Salem, Abe Lincoln's museum-village, restored in all its homespun, rail-splitting purity.

While some of this picture is true

enough, much of it is out of focus. The fact is, for instance, that Illinois is a more Southerly state than is generally recognized. Parts of it lie farther South than certain counties in Kentucky and Virginia. Its "upstate" people may speak with a genuine Midwestern twang, but you begin to encounter draws as you go South, until way down in Cairo, in the so-called "Egyptian" area of Illinois, you hear some natives speak in a dialect resembling the you-all and honey-chile accents of the deep South.

For the fact is that the grandfathers, if not the fathers, of these people came from adjacent Kentucky and from the states of the Mid-Atlantic seaboard. In 1818, when Nathaniel Pope, a Kentuckian, guided through Congress the bill of statehood for Illinois, he advanced its original frontier fifty-one miles northward, thus adding land which later included Chicago and other towns and farms populated by New Englanders. But Chicago came to be a town only in

ALBERT PARRY lived in Illinois from March 1935 to September 1947. He worked on the Chicago Sun, was on the research staff of the University of Chicago and taught at Northwestern University. He is now an associate professor of history at Colgate University. His books include *Garrets and Pretenders* and *Tattoo*. This article inaugurates a series on the states of the Federal Union. A profile of New York will appear in an early issue.

1833, and wasn't much of a town until mid-century. For years the northern tier of counties was a relatively undeveloped appendix to the essentially Southern state of Illinois.

The very folklore of the state's nickname testifies to this Southern genesis. While Iowans are called hawk-eyes and Ohioans buckeyes, while Indianians are hailed as hoosiers and Wisconsinites are dubbed badgers, the folkname for Illinoisans is suckers. And it isn't because so many of us read the *Chicago Tribune*. The term was born in the pre-Chicago era of Illinois, when lead was first worked at Galena in the north and the "Egyptians" from southern Illinois, attracted by good wages, made their way up the Mississippi to the mines — precisely in the season when fish known as suckers ascended the great river. In the fall both the men and the fish returned South. Each time the cry along the river banks was, "The suckers are coming!" As most of the Illinois populace was then in the southern part of the state, all Illinoisans were soon called suckers.

There is another theory concerning the origin of this folkname. It is less widely held, but it also supports the concept of Illinois as a Southern state. The first American migrants into Illinois were poor white trash from the tobacco-growing states. Cultivation of tobacco involved removing "suckers," or offshoots, to prevent them from "sucking" the strength of the plant. Families forced from their small Carolina or Virginia farms by the

competition of their neighbors, the great slave-owning planters, were called "suckers" as, pushed from their native states, they moved to Illinois.

Some of them knew what had caused their distress, but not all. Only a minority of them hated slavery and wanted its end. Pope was one of these. He frankly spoke of his wish to strengthen the free North against Southern slavery as he added northern lands to the young state's frontier, as he gave Illinois its foothold on Lake Michigan's shore and, from 1825 on, an easy access to the Erie Canal — to the migratory wave of Yankees and Europeans. Most Illinoisans south of Chicago and Peoria were of a different stamp, however. When Lincoln's hottest anti-slavery speech was not taken down by any of the men who heard it in Bloomington in 1856 — not even by Joseph Medill, who in his wild cheering forgot his journalistic duty — smart Republicans, including Medill, were glad that the speech was lost. For, said Medill later, had it been published and spread it would have cost Abe and the Republicans all of southern as well as central Illinois. Lincoln's rise would have been stopped right then and there.

II

The north of Illinois in time became too populous even for such enthusiastic Unionists as the anti-slavery downstaters and their descendants. In Illinois the north became — Chicago. And the only way to keep Chicago from running and ruining things was

— and still is — for all the rest of the state (downstate and upstate both) not to recognize the enormous growth in the city's population, which now comprises more than one half of the state's nearly eight million inhabitants.

Thus recently there was a bitter fight between the rest of the state and Chicago on the issue of reapportionment. By 1947 Chicago had definitely awakened to the fact that congressional and state-legislative districts had not been remapped in Illinois since 1901. Supreme Court districts had remained unchanged since 1870, the year the present state constitution was adopted. Six districts outside Chicago elected all but one of the Illinois Supreme Court justices. State taxes were collected and distributed unfairly, at a huge detriment to Chicago, which contributed the most and got the least.

Feeling itself cheated, Chicago in the late spring of 1947 demanded a reapportionment of districts and taxes. The fight cut across party lines. In Springfield, the state's capital, a Republican from Chicago shook his finger at his rustic GOP associates: "I warn you, Chicago might secede from Illinois!" The anti-Chicago faction responded with catcalls and laughter. Yet, despite their week-long filibuster, the obstructionists lost and reapportionment won. But while the fight lasted it was the fight of older stock against newer elements in the state — against the big city, against its strangeness, its wealth and its power.

The victory of the "newer elements" demonstrated finally that, Colonel McCormick to the contrary, Illinois and Chicago are not uniformly white, Protestant and Anglo-Saxon.

White? It is true that Illinois is no Alabama: Negroes in the state are a small minority. Yet, in Chicago at least, they are a vivid and vital minority, bursting at the seams of restrictions placed upon them not only by their foes but also by some of their friends (including the business office of the University of Chicago, which doesn't want them to move close to the Lake and thus endanger the University's property values).

Protestant? Historically, Catholics — Jesuits, at that — were the first to discover and settle what is now Illinois, Father Jacques Marquette and Louis Jolliet blazing the trail in 1673. And though British and American influences in time replaced the French, today the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago is the largest in the United States.

There have been comparatively few English Catholics in Illinois. In Chicago, Irish and German Catholics were strong until Poles and Lithuanians, Czechs and Slovaks, Croats and Slovenes, Italians and Mexicans swamped them. More people of Polish blood dwell now in the Windy City than in Warsaw, and more Lithuanians and their offspring than in Kaunas or Vilna. The weekly *Zgoda*, published by the Polish National Alliance in Chicago for all the Poles

of America, has a larger circulation than any newspaper in Poland. The Czechoslovak National Council of America has its busy headquarters in Chicago; to it the Czechs of Nebraska and Texas send their delegates, and politicians of Prague defer.

As for Chicago's non-Catholics, many aren't Protestants either. There are hosts of Greek, Russian and other Orthodox. Youngish, bearded Patriarch Mar Shimun XXIII, hereditary ruler of the Church of the East and Assyrians, resides in Chicago. The Jewish community of Chicago is large and influential. A small but rich Chinatown has its joss shrines as well as its restaurants. Thousands of the war-relocated Japanese have no intentions of returning from Chicago to California.

Don't think, however, that Illinois at large, outside Chicago, is free of foreigners. At Radom, in the southern part, Polish farmers, and at Danville, in east-central Illinois, Lithuanians live and play politics. In Joliet one of the more modern buildings is the national office of a sturdy mutual-aid society of Slovenes. In Libertyville the bishop of all the Serbs in the Western Hemisphere has his Byzantine-styled monastery. Each summer, late in June, from as far away as the Pacific Coast, Serbs with their families converge upon this rolling prairie for their *kolo* and other festivities of the Vidov Dan, or St. Vitus Day.

In DeKalb the mayor is one of the town's clever Finns — which shows that not all the Protestants of Illinois

are of the approved Scotch and English origin. In Douglas and Moultrie counties dwell the Amish, some of them of the hook-and-eye, horse-and-buggy kind; men bearded, with only upper lip clean-shaven, and wearing those black, broad-rimmed hats; women prim in their tight-waisted bodices, wide skirts and perching bonnets.

Yes, Rockford was initially a spot of transplanted New England, and its century-old elm-shaded college for women is still *élite-American* in many of its charming manifestations. But listen to the Swedish accents of all the cabinet-makers and mechanics in the town's shops and streets! Almost one third of Rockford's population is now of *aqua-vite* blood.

True, Galesburg is the seat of the rock-ribbed Knox College of those Presbyterians who came here in the 1830s from the Mohawk Valley and New England. But change was inevitable when along with the first railroads came the Swedes, and not just those of the staid Lutheran faith. Some were mighty queer. There were the Swedes of Erik Jansson's Bishop Hill colony nearby, the Bible-quoting communists of the 1840s who never heard of their contemporary, Karl Marx, and his Manifesto, but who lived and worked in a collective society. And does the world now know Galesburg more for its Knox College than for one of its Swedish sons, Carl Sandburg?

But some Nordics of British origin settling in this prairie were also out-

landish. In Illinois you can still see the remains of Nauvoo, one of America's earliest Mormon centers — and Mormons, of course, were chiefly Yankees of Anglo-American stock, not Scandinavians or Germans. In the northeast corner of the state is Zion City, founded by that Scotch Congregationalist pastor, Dr. John Alexander Dowie, who in 1893 came from Australia to run a faith-healing mission at the entrance to the Columbian Exposition. By the end of the century he had become riled to his soul's depth by the sins of modern Sodom and Gomorrah — of Chicago and Milwaukee. In Zion City, as he founded it halfway between the two cities in 1901, and as he ruled it till his death in 1907, he warned sternly against the smart-alecks' belief that the world was round. He brought English lace-makers from Nottingham, and ran their Zion factory theocratically, as he ran all the other business establishments of the town. He issued drastic laws against Sunday trains, and the Illinois Commerce Commission supported him in a special ruling. Dowie campaigned against liquid fire and distilled damnation, in short, against drink; against gambling, tobacco and secret societies; against eating swine's flesh, oysters, clams and rabbits. Under his successor, Vilbur Glenn Voliva, Zion of Illinois was known far and wide for its same devotion to the flatness of the world, to the Leviticus pages of the Old Testament and to theocratic rule. Now Voliva, too, is dead, and much of the

old spirit is gone. Industries are operated by private capital, not by the Dowie-Voliva church. In fact, there are now several different churches, and movies and chain stores have come in. But you can still get here that curious ersatz pork called Zion Beef Bacon, especially on a Sunday.

III

Verily, Illinois is a crossroads of thought and feeling. It is hard to draw a fast rule about anything in the state. Take the problem of the alleged anti-British sentiment and general isolationism of old-stock Illinoisans.

Weird or staid, Britishers are not nearly as much disliked in Illinois as the Duke of Chicago would have us believe. McCormick himself on occasion entertains visiting celebrities from the Isles, from Winston S. Churchill down, even while dictating his fuming editorials against them. Some Illinoisans are downright insincere in their supposed jitters over the sly British effort to entangle us in the failing empire. Actually these citizens aren't afraid of Britain. Deep in their hearts they like and admire England. In their gibes at Britain and Britain-loving Easterners some Illini are as snobbish as they accuse Britishers and Bostonians of being.

The same holds true for the Illinoisans' attitude toward all other foreigners. Of course in general, Illinois, like any other Midwestern state in recent years, has been more isolationist than the rest of America. Illinois

is far from both the American seaboards. Illinois is peaceful — why trouble oneself with all those bothersome foreigners? The Atlantic seaboards, in its insistence on worldwide intercourse and foreign ideas, has always been a nuisance to Illinois. So many of the Illini's grandparents were only too glad to get rid of those ideas when they moved West, to this prairie. More significantly, before the Midwest got its own factories and warehouses, the East was the greedy industrialist and wholesaler skinning the Midwestern pioneer for all he was worth. The East was the cruel banker foreclosing on the prairie farm. The Midwesterner and his wife got some satisfaction from sneering at the rich men of the East who allowed their womenfolk to gad about Europe and their young ones to marry into the nobility. But now Illinois has its own North Shore rich and other such élites. Its high-society ladies compete with Park Avenue and Newport for the smiles of Spanish and Italian counts.

But even on their lower rungs, Illinoisans have never been as provincially xenophobic as the isolationists among us try to make it appear. In many an Illinoisan who is otherwise a staunch rooter for the *Tribune* line I have found a lively interest in the world at large; even, at times, a sympathy for foreigners. In fair-sized towns of Illinois, where the foreign contingents are many and various, I have come across native sons of Scotch-Irish stock who, though they

are *Trib* readers, do learn a smattering of their neighbors' tongues, all the long way from Swedish to Yiddish.

It may be thought of small wonder that Chicago, with two thirds of its populace either foreign-born or of immigrant parents, has an International Center housing a half-dozen organizations dedicated to man's worldwide brotherhood. But farther upstate, some forty minutes' drive north of Chicago, one can see something even more striking. A huge mosque raises its Moorish dome over the respectable suburb of Wilmette, a town which is otherwise as oldline American as can be found anywhere. The mosque, which stands amid trim commuters' homes and lawns, was, curiously enough, built by native Americans, not foreigners. This is the Baha'i Temple, an exotic notion imported from Persia by some high-minded prairie Yankees who devoted their lives and fortunes to the idea of peace and unity among nations, an idea preached a century ago by an Oriental sage who in 1850 was dispatched for his pains by the Shah's firing squad. The Soviets closed the group's first temple, at Ashkhabad in Russian Central Asia, near the Iranian frontier. So here in Illinois is the grandest mosque of all the Baha'i houses of worship in the world. From here go forth earnest missionaries who antedated both the League of Nations and the United Nations.

As Illinois borrows or declines to borrow things of the world at large, what precious contribution of its own

does it make to America and to humanity?

The record of the state has been impressive, if mixed. In material things the state has given the world steel for building and for destruction, and during the second world war the Chicago-Calumet area surpassed even Pittsburgh. Illinois has also given the world much of its food, producing more soybeans than any other state and from the richness of its soil piling up mountains of wheat and corn.

In its labor history it gave America and the world not only the shame of the Haymarket Riot hangings but also the early idealism of Eugene V. Debs and his Socialists, of Bill Haywood and his IWW, and of those who here, in Chicago, originated the First of May as an international workers' day. In politics the state produced its share of boodlers and allies of Al Capone, but it also turned out, in addition to Lincoln, that "eagle forgotten," Governor John P. Altgeld, who stood up so splendidly against the vested interests of his day.

In literature Illinois not only produced poets and novelists of note — it gave them their rich themes. Here Theodore Dreiser found in traction magnate Yerkes his Frank Cowperwood; and in some nameless women his Carrie and his Jennie. In Chicago, Frank Norris wrote *The Pit*. Lewistown — in central Illinois — is very much alive in Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*. Of this prairie and its cornhuskers, of the stockyards and their butchers, Sandburg wrote

voluminously and twanged on his guitar. Springfield fed the muse if not the stomach of Vachel Lindsay, even as he drearily stumped central Illinois for the Anti-Saloon League. Sherwood Anderson did some of his best writing in Chicago; and here, too, Harriet Monroe's magazine *Poetry* was nursed. On a lesser level *The Front Page* by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur boomed forth, an interesting, if not permanent landmark. There is little of the Oak Park of his adolescence in Ernest Hemingway's writings, but the Irish of Chicago's South Side brawl is evident in James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*. More important, perhaps, Chicago helped to mature Richard Wright's talent and give him the raw material for his *Native Son*.

But it is interesting to note that none of these stayed in Illinois, except for Lindsay, who committed suicide in his native Springfield, and for *Poetry*, which is now a living corpse on Lake Michigan's shores. It was a cruel jest for H. L. Mencken, a quarter-century back, to designate Chicago the American literary capital. A few years later he did his best to demolish the myth by ordering a debunking article on the theme by Samuel Putnam for the *MERCURY*. Today Chicago's surviving *literati* choose to quote the original compliment but not its subsequent negation.

The point is that whatever literary talent does appear in Illinois (and much does) gravitates Eastward. Perhaps this is inevitable. No nation supports more than one intellectual cen-

ter, and, for better or worse, ever since the Brahmins of Boston died off, New York has been this country's artistic haven. Had Illinois reared anything unusual in music and painting (which it never did), this too would have traveled away to Manhattan.

The state did yield some amazing phenomena in architecture, but these new ideas did not remain exclusively or extensively here, and for more than the reason noted above. The skyscraper, though it was first evolved in Chicago, was needed on New York's crowded island far more than in the former's wide spaces. Frank Lloyd Wright was acclaimed in Germany and Holland with higher honors than he received in Illinois (except perhaps for Oak Park, where he enjoyed his early successes) because moss-grown Europe more than freshly-built America stood in need of architectural innovations.

IV

What of today? There is a lull in the arts of Illinois, a humdrum routine of petty clubs and second-rate cliques filling the society pages of the state's press. The giants are gone, and others have not yet grown.

The most worthwhile work is being done in American history, much of it not only by professors of our great universities but, one may say, by sheer amateurs too. The "professionals" include James G. Randall of the University of Illinois with a monumental work on Lincoln, and

Avery O. Craven of the University of Chicago whose volumes have shown a remarkable insight into the Civil War and the Reconstruction period. And there is Paul M. Angle of the Chicago Historical Society, who is also adding to the luster of the state's researches on Lincoln. The non-academics are no less busy. Jay Monaghan, the State Historian in Springfield, lacks a Ph.D., but is a nationally known Lincoln specialist nevertheless. In Chicago, Lloyd Lewis, a newspaperman by vocation, a historian by an inner spark, is continuing his solid work on Lincoln and Sherman, with a promising volume on Grant now in preparation.

These have stayed in Illinois instead of moving off to New York (or to North Carolina, as Sandburg has recently done). There is a reason. The past is alive in Illinois, more so than in the East. The state is younger, its yesterdays are closer. The Civil War Round Table in Chicago refights Hooker's and Lee's battles as if they had thundered last week. And the Table's members are neither professional soldiers nor nostalgic old-timers. Many of them are working chemists, journalists and businessmen.

Much of this sort of activity is, of course, sheer escapism from a complex and frightening modern age. The Caxton Club, composed of Chicago's leading citizens, maintains a wistful absorption in overland journeys of prairie schooners, in George Ade and James Whitcomb Riley, and in old McCutcheon cartoons. At Alton, Illi-

nois, the same longing for a contact with the sweet and safe past resulted in a private subscription which paid for the reproduction, on the bluffs above the Mississippi, of the great picture of the Piasa Bird of the long-gone Indians, the mythical monster first noticed by Father Marquette in 1673. Indians and pioneers excite the fond interest of the new and growing Chicago group called the Westerners.

Yes, Chicago is as modern as can be: it blazed the atomic trail at its University. But some of its citizens, uneasily proud of Professors Arthur H. Compton, Enrico Fermi and other such nuclear wizards, are prouder yet of Sitting Bull and Buffalo Bill. Truly the modern world seems to be too much for our steel magnates, who now collect early prints of Chicago as it sprawled and splashed in the mud before the Fire of 1871; who hungrily sigh at the idyllic, rustic cartoons of Injun Summer by old man McCutcheon.

And even as it escapes into the past, Chicago — like Illinois — carves an ambitious empire of its own. It may not be the nation's intellectual capi-

tal. Young writers in North Dakota and artists in Iowa dream of New York, not Chicago. But specialists in Americana more and more look toward the Windy City. Chicago's Westerners, for example, now have mushrooming chapters in Denver, Los Angeles, St. Louis and Minneapolis, and corresponding members all over the country, including the East.

Illinois in 1947 is thus isolationist and internationalist, native and foreign, urban and rural, modern and escapist, all things in one. Is it a split personality unhappily stewing in a melting pot of its own? Not exactly. Lying at a crossroad of the nation, it is probably more typical of America than any other part of the country can really be. Illinois does not have the grandeur of the West or the racial bigotry of the South, the suavity of the East or the rugged heartiness of the North. But being a crossroads it has ingredients of all of these; it has immigrants, or at least delegates, from everywhere. Even as it appears to pull in different directions, Illinois is more at peace with itself than it would seem on the surface.



THE ROMANCE OF SNUFF

BY HERMAN E. WEILLER

IF YOU want to get all the real satisfaction out of tobacco," said a distinguished Southern judge recently, "use it in your mouth. Don't cook the tobacco in a pipe, a cigar or a cigarette and thus enjoy simply the smell and taste of its smoke. A juicy steak smells good when cooking, but it gives you *everything* it's got when you put a bit in your mouth and let the tastebuds come in contact with it."

His Honor was referring to snuff, the oldest and most American form of tobacco. Discovered almost as soon as this continent, pronounced dead many times, snuff is still holding its own in the land of its origin.

Who takes snuff in America today? Its traditional home is the South, where 60 per cent of American snuff sales are made. Negro farmhands account for vast amounts of the product. But snuff knows no social or racial boundaries: the Irish in New York and Boston use it; so do the Scandinavians in Minnesota and the Dakotas, and old women of the Ozarks and Cumberland Hills.

Babe Ruth takes snuff; and we have the word of W. R. Brinson, door-keeper of the House of Commons,

that the son of the former Jennie Jerome of New York, the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, takes a pinch on occasion. A fashionable store in New York's Rockefeller Center sells 500 pounds a year; cigar stores on Manhattan's lower East side sell it to orthodox Jews who are not allowed to strike a match on certain holidays.

U. S. Senators are steady snuff users. In the Senate chamber there are still two snuff boxes, one on the Democratic side of the rostrum, the other on the Republican. No Senator uses snuff any more to provoke a sneeze, but the secretary of the Senate sees to it that a good supply is always on hand. "During the cold season, the snuff goes pretty fast," Senate attendants report. "Several of the members dip when they have colds."

In New England textile mills, Montana mines, Oregon logging camps, California aircraft plants — all over the country where a lighted cigarette or pipe can mean danger — snuff is used.

All these people, from a former Prime Minister to a humble farm hand, have one feature in common:

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each and every one is a confirmed conservative. The average snuff user is quick to notice and to resent any change in his favorite blend. He is wedded to his chosen brand for a lifetime. Smokers as a rule fluctuate in their choice; not so snuff users. They must have the brand of snuff they are accustomed to — or they won't buy. Snuff-taking is one of the most habit-forming, but also one of the most economical ways of smoking. The average user buys only two packs a week, at 5-10¢ each.

The American Snuff Company of Memphis, Tenn. (the largest snuff-producing state), hesitates to change the labels on its containers. It sells snuff in bottles, tin cans, paper packages and containers made from the throat membranes of cattle (called "weasands"). In some sections, people won't buy snuff unless it is put up in weasands, and American Snuff puts up about 20,000 pounds a year in these containers.

The origin of this consumer resistance goes back to the days when paper bags were expensive, and a storekeeper would buy his snuff in weasands the size of a football. He would sell it by the teaspoonful, a nickel a scoop, and thereafter his customers would be suspicious if they couldn't see the weasands on the shelf.

II

The inborn stability in taste of the snuff users is reflected in the stability and conservatism of the industry they are supporting.

When the late James Buchanan Duke wanted to give his wife a stock she wouldn't have to worry about, he gave her \$100,000 worth of his own American Snuff Company. Snuff stock, reasoned the tobacco king, was a good woman's stock. It still is. The sales volume of the snuff business has, through depression and prosperity, fluctuated within a fairly narrow range; profit margins have been ample, and competition is not destructive. All three of America's big snuff makers yielded between 5 and 7 per cent on their common stock during the past year, well above the average, and market reports on the "big three" abound with terms such as "strong financial position" and "conspicuously stable."

The stock Mr. Duke gave his wife was stock in the *old* American Snuff Company, which was a subsidiary of the American Tobacco Company. In 1911, when the courts broke up American Tobacco for violations of the anti-trust laws, American Snuff was broken up too, into three competing units which today are American Snuff, Geo. W. Helme and U. S. Tobacco. The business was equally divided among them, and today each of the companies still has about a third of the American market. Not more than five per cent goes to all other makers.

Mass-appeal advertising, which characterizes tobacco merchandising in general, is an unknown factor in the snuff industry. The snuff people do a small amount of "point of pur-

chase" advertising (as the trade calls it). They paint a few signs on barns, distribute counter displays in country stores, and one company sent, in a spurt of promotional activity, more than three million pasteboard fans (with a snuff ad on each) to country churches.

Some time ago, another company planned a wide-spread poster campaign. One poster showed a pretty girl sitting in a flashy roadster, and a boy standing on the running board looking into her eyes. He was saying: "I know you're sweet because you use so and so's sweet snuff." The posters were never put on billboards. At the last moment, the company decided, probably with reason, that the lady in the roadster would not be able to woo very many new customers over to its own blend of snuff.

Snuff men take as much pride in their business as the best of the old-line distillers. They are a secretive lot, closely guarding their mixing formulas and heartily disliking all publicity. Their public relations are so bad that they have never advertised the fact that right next to their New York City offices, in the bucolic serenity of Bronx Park, stands the oldest snuff factory in the United States: the old Lorillard mill.

Actually, there is no mystery about the manufacture of snuff. There are two types, moist and dry. Dry, or Scotch, snuff has a particularly strong taste and is most popular in the South. Moist snuff, or Copenhagen, is used more by city customers.

Snuff is made from a high grade of burley, a rich, heavy leaf that usually costs more than cigarette leaf and comes mostly from Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia. Its manufacture is one of the most tedious and difficult processes in the tobacco industry.

The snuff tobacco is packed away for two to three years and subjected to high temperatures before it is cut into powder. During the aging process, it ferments and acquires its peculiar, strong aroma. At that point it is flavored with "secret" scents, such as musk, lavender or cloves.

III

The word snuff usually conjures up the old days, the age of graceful etiquette, when the powder was taken in delicate pinches and twisted daintily up a nostril. Only two per cent of the snuff used today, however, goes up the nose. That technique is obsolete. The snuff taker today is almost invariably found carrying his snuff in the mouth.

This modern way of taking snuff is called "dipping"; it is a lot more compact and less noticeable than the use of plug, twist or other chewing tobacco. There are two ways of dipping: either you store your pinch of snuff squeezed between gum and cheek and leave it there; or (especially if you are from the South) you take a twig of dogwood or sweetgum, chew the end until it resembles a soft brush, dip it into the snuff and then chew the stick for hours.

A real snuff enthusiast will look

down on all other smokers as on a lower branch of humanity. One member of this fraternity is Lt. Jerry Sadler, a former Texas Railroad Commissioner, who was found by an AP man somewhere in the Middle East with a two-years' supply of snuff in his duffel bag. Jerry (an addict since the age of eleven) explained to the awed correspondent: "Smoke is the ghost of tobacco; chewing tobacco is the body, but snuff is the soul. Snuff dipping is the mark of men with hair on their chests."

Another of these snuff purists once was horrified by a gentleman from South America who obviously was determined to have his cake and eat it. This man, reports the purist, "first filled his nostrils with snuff, which he prevented from falling out by stuffing shag tobacco after it. And this he termed 'plugging'! Then he put in each cheek a coil of pigtail tobacco, for chewing. And lastly he lit a Havana — and thus he smoked and chewed, puffed smoke at one time, and squirted juice at another!" The purist ended on a note of triumph: "The man was as thin as a razor and frightfully nervous."

The earliest mention of snuff is contained in the records of Ramon Pane, a Franciscan friar, who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage in 1494. He observed Indians sniff a finely powdered leaf through straight and also Y-shaped tubes. Snuff taking is still common among the Indians of Colombia and Venezuela.

Many Chinese are snuff takers; so

are the Indian Brahmins whose religion makes it improper to put back in the mouth a cigarette once moistened with saliva. The Eskimos of Greenland, whose language knows no term of welcome, fill the gap by offering their snuff horns to strangers.

When snuff was first introduced in Europe, it was (incorrectly) considered a first-class therapeutic agent in the treatment of headaches, head colds and similar ailments. Thus, in Italy snuff became known as *clysterium nasi* (enema of the nose).

The more refined French name, *herbe à la reine*, suggests that soon snuff began to climb the social scale. In royal courts and in churches, the powder was so widely used — and abused — that Pope Urban VIII forbade snuffing in churches on pain of excommunication. Later on, Pope Benedict XIII rescinded the prohibition; he was himself a snuff taker. Turkey, as well as Russia forbade the use of snuff altogether; offenders risked having their noses cut off.

In the England of Queen Anne's day, the snuff box almost displaced the pipe in polite society. The process of taking snuff had become a minutely worked-out ritual. The picture of the dainty cavalier of that age is not complete without his shirt frills sprinkled with the stuff, his clothes reeking with its smell.

One of the most prominent snuff addicts, Napoleon, is supposed to have "chain-snuffed" at Waterloo. His chief diplomat, Talleyrand, recommended the use of snuff to states-

men and politicians: it subdues passions, he said, clears the head and stimulates social intercourse.

The eighteenth century was the century of snuff. Its decline started about 1850, when the sale of cigars and pipe tobacco first began to equal the sale of snuff. In 1859 the former began to take the lead.

Yet, regardless of stiff-necked competition, the old-timer has shown remarkable vitality. The report of the Federal Bureau of Internal Revenue

for 1863 shows an output of 172,331 pounds of snuff; in 1946, the tax-paid (at the rate of \$.18 a pound) output had risen to 39,432,524 pounds — a decrease of 10 per cent from the preceding year, but an increase of 11,400 per cent over 1863! To non-addicts its popularity is hard to explain, but Samuel Taylor Coleridge may have had the answer when he told its detractors: "You abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause for the human nose."

BIOGRAPHY

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

In infancy he rushed
His food and play.
He ran to school,
To bed, to college;
Snatched a wife
And settled down
To domestic hurry,
And sought quick joys
In rapid parenthood.
One day, out of breath,
He saw a sunset.
Its slow and quiet majesty,
The soft and leisurely
Wonder of it
So engulfed his soul
He died of sudden shame.
Doctors, knowing little,
Called it thrombosis.

PERÓN: FASCISM'S NEWEST FACE

BY STEPHEN NAFT

FOUR years ago a *coup d'état* brought to power in Argentina a military clique whose behind-the-scenes chief was an obscure colonel named Juan Domingo Perón. The front men of the clique have now largely disappeared from public life, while Perón is the legally elected president of Argentina, victor in a stiff diplomatic battle with the United States, and a dictator with a future. The country of which he is the undisputed ruler is the only one to have emerged from the war richer than it was before; it "joined" the Allies, as a co-belligerent, only six weeks before Germany surrendered. Now Argentina is putting into effect a Five-Year Plan designed to make over the economy into a kind of state capitalism modeled to some extent on the Soviet Union. There can be little doubt that the purpose of the Plan is to solidify Perón's control and prepare the way for an aggressive foreign policy, so aggressive, indeed, that it holds within it a threat to the peace of the United States — and possibly of the whole world.

Argentina is not only the richest

country in Latin America today but probably also the richest in the world in proportion to population. The handful of landlords and industrialists who have always controlled it, during the war did a profiteer's business in grain, meat, wool and various other raw materials, selling to European nations and to other South American countries cut off by the war from their normal sources of supplies. Argentina has virtually no national debt, and is in no other financial way beholden to anybody. This puts it in a better position than the United States, which finds itself saddled with a national debt of 260 billion dollars, and faced with the necessity of contributing heavily to the reconstruction of Europe.

Argentina lends money to its sister nations. It is the first time a Latin-American nation has done such a thing. Indeed, Argentina has become the "Uncle Shylock" of Latin America, usurping the pre-eminent financial position formerly held by the United States. Recently the government loaned about \$175 million to

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Chile, and in addition has made loans totaling \$634 million to Spain, Bolivia, Finland, Belgium and Czechoslovakia. Argentina, incidentally, exacted as a condition of the Chilean loan the establishment of a customs union very much in Argentina's favor. The customs union constitutes a virtual *Anschluss*. In brief, Chile agreed to make Valparaiso, her most important port on the Pacific, a free port for Argentina, and to build tunnels and railways, at her own expense, across the Andes, which will give Argentina easy access to the Pacific Ocean as well as to the Atlantic on her own shores.

Bolivia offers an even more dramatic example of Argentina's conditions for loans. In January 1947 the Bolivians, in a truly free election, chose for President a liberal, Enrique Hertzog. Perón was aghast, and his newspapers yelled "fraud." There is evidence that Perón's agents tried, in vain, to stir up Bolivian Indians to revolt — on the trumped-up ground that the new government would confiscate their land and massacre them all. So Perón tried the instrument of starvation. Landlocked Bolivia is rich in silver, gold, tin and oil, but it badly lacks foodstuffs, particularly livestock and packed meats. In the past Bolivia imported its foodstuffs largely from Argentina. Now Perón put an arbitrary stop to these food shipments. The Hertzog government turned to the United States, which claimed it could do nothing because of previous commitments to ship food to

Europe. Bolivia thus was forced to submit to whatever Perón demanded. In brief, his demands were these: in return for a loan of \$65,500,000 and the resumption of food shipments, almost all of Bolivia's transportation and industry was to be placed into the hands of a joint Bolivian-Argentinian commission, with Argentinians, of course, dominating; and Bolivia was to promise to ship 8/17 of its entire tin production to Argentina. Thus in one fell swoop, Perón gobbled up Bolivia, as he had gobbled up Chile, and as he is tightening his hold, in a similar manner, upon practically all the other Latin-American countries.

II

These facts make it impossible to dismiss Perón complacently as "just another Latin-American dictator." He is a very able and resourceful man, with no legal or moral compunctions, who will stop at nothing in the attempt to achieve his goal. His goal is very simple, and he and his spokesman have been amazingly frank in letting everybody know about it. It is to turn Argentine economy into a typical totalitarian pattern, to make this economy entirely subservient to the military purposes of the new régime; these purposes, in turn, are to evolve a "Greater Argentina," which means the union or absorption of the territories which once constituted the Vice-Royalty of La Plata and included Bolivia, Uruguay and Para-

guay, and the universal realization of a fascism with elements from the systems of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin.

Perón's chief political instrument now is his Five-Year Plan, inaugurated in January 1947. One significant provision of the plan is referred to as "Workers' Shares in Enterprises." On the premise, explained in the preamble to the act, that "the wage system is only a transitional stage between slavery and a future higher form of economy," it provides for a systematic take-over of all enterprises — industrial, commercial and agricultural — by their employees.

The law fixes legal profits at 5 per cent. Excess profits are to be placed in a special fund at the end of each year, the proceeds of which are to be used to buy shares for the workers. The process is to continue until all shares are held by the employees of the firms involved. Employees are to participate in administration on a proportional arrangement based on their shareholdings.

Though participation in this plan is not compulsory by law, it is stated that only those enterprises which accept it "will have the protection" of the government. That means in practice that everyone will have to accept the plan, for the government's hold on the finance of the country is complete. With the consent of his rubber-stamp Congress, Perón turned the hitherto privately owned and controlled Banco Central of Argentina into a wholly state-owned financial institu-

tion with absolute control of all banks of the nation. The Banco Central has the power to seize outright the deposits of all private banks, and no private bank is permitted to grant or withhold credit without its consent. In short, the government is the only banker, and hence controls the entire agriculture, industry and commerce of the nation. Perón has power to regulate, according to his own will, every aspect of the production and distribution of the nation. He has at his disposal "an economic police" to look into any office file in the land.

Under the Five-Year Plan imports and exports are government monopolies, vested in a government corporation. Since the government alone is permitted to purchase agricultural products in bulk for resale, at government-established prices, the export control becomes a fantastically profitable source of revenue. For corn, to take one example, the government pays \$2.40 per hundred kilograms and sells it abroad for more than \$8.40, at a profit of 350 per cent. On one recent sale of linseed oil the government is believed to have made a profit of nearly \$200 million, which more than covered the previously noted loan to Chile.

This hijacking game — for that is all it is — probably comes in very handy to Perón's agile financiers. Consider the military budget. For the fiscal year ending December 31, 1945, military expenditures amounted to 1428 million pesos. Government revenues from all sources in the same

year amounted to only 1355 million pesos. In other words military expenditures amounted to 105 per cent of total ordinary revenue. In 1946, according to the best estimates (there are no official figures) the military expenditures were far larger, and in 1947 they will probably be at least as large — and probably many times the ordinary tax income. Where Perón gets the money is a good deal of a mystery, but he probably gets some of it by means of the aforementioned hijacking scheme; and the resources of the Banco Central can be expanded virtually at will. It need hardly be said that Perón is not accountable to Congress for the military budget.

Another budget over which Perón now has exclusive jurisdiction is that for the city of Buenos Aires, where about 18 per cent of the country's population lives. The Plan also abolishes the autonomous government of Buenos Aires, making Perón chief of the city administration, with sole power to appoint and remove city officials. Buenos Aires is the financial and political heart of Argentine. He who controls it controls the country. How well Perón knows this is shown by the fact that he has greatly increased the police force of Buenos Aires, which now has more men than New York City's force, though Buenos Aires has only one third the population of New York City.

To make certain that the Supreme Court will never get in his way by declaring his new laws unconstitu-

tional, Perón had Congress impeach four of the five judges; three were removed from office, and the fourth resigned. The charge against these judges reveals a sardonic sense of humor in Perón: they were accused of recognizing the *de facto* régime set up in Argentina by the military clique which ousted President Castillo in 1943 — the same military clique whose *coup* was Perón's first important step to power.

III

There are very important elements of the Five-Year Plan addressed specifically to "those who eat bread," which is the Argentine equivalent for "the workers" or "the people." The poor among the Argentinian people were ripe for the right kind of demagoguery — and Perón knew the right kind. By decree he has raised the average wage of the Argentinian worker to \$18.75 a week; this, to be sure, is far below the average of \$47 in the United States. But the ordinary Argentinian doesn't know about this. What he does know, and what Perón keeps reminding him of, is that his present wage is 30 per cent more than it has ever been and is the highest in all Latin America. He also promises the average Argentinian worker that by means of "The Workers' Shares in Enterprise System," already described, he can eventually become a rich man. As for the farmer, Perón has openly promised him eventually a respectable share of the farm he is working on.

Perón is gradually nationalizing all the industries, railroads, mines and telephone and telegraph lines. When he completed the nationalization of the Unión Telefónica, the leading such network in the nation, he told the people:

"Thus we shall continue to recapture the Nation's resources for the Nation and in the name of the Nation. . . . Our Constitution has in its preamble the promotion of 'general welfare' as the fundamental condition of a government. On such a premise we shall accelerate the program and plans of our own administration."

Perón has promised to nationalize the medical profession, too, so that doctors "will be required to perform where they are needed most." He has promised technical education for everybody. He has even promised "participation to the worker in foreign affairs representation. The plan for such representation is already under way."

As for the "intellectuals," he has also taken care of them. Teachers in universities and colleges who have dared question him have been ousted and many of them have been replaced by men who have no academic degrees whatever. There are still some newspapers that dare criticize him, especially in the bigger cities. Perón is gradually putting the squeeze on these recalcitrants by withholding loans and restricting paper allotments to them. Freedom of speech and of the press is "guaranteed" in the Argen-

tinian constitution, as it is "guaranteed" in the Soviet constitution, but Minister of the Interior Borlenghi, with typical totalitarian logic, has given this warning:

"With respect to the newspapers, I can only say that some supposedly sober publications . . . are printing news the sole purpose of which is to foment discord. . . . They should understand that the government has completely respected the freedom of the press, but . . . these newspapers will inevitably force government action, if they continue in the same vein to deceive the people. We are frank enough to say this beforehand because it is our wish not to use restrictions but to allow the most complete freedom of the press. But no government can permit the exercise of popular deceit under the pretext of freedom."

The end goal of Perón's revolution, "Greater Argentina," demands an army of huge proportions. As has already been pointed out, the military budget is now the greatest in Argentina's history. No one really knows how big it is now. Few really know how big the army or air force or navy is, but we do know that the military budget in 1945 was about 90 per cent above that for 1942. We do know that the age for military service and for inclusion in the reserve has been raised so that all males from 12 to 50 are subject to training. And we do know that Nazi military technicians have been operating in Argentina since the war days.

These jingoistic dreams of "Greater Argentina" existed long before Perón, but the present-day dictator of Argentina seems to be the first man to whom history has presented some hope of achieving them. When he was Minister of War and Vice-President in the Farrell administration, in June 1944, he spoke his mind openly on the course he is now pursuing as President: "Military rearmament is the objective to which the entire economy of the country and the life of all its people must be dedicated. If diplomacy cannot attain the political objectives decided upon, then the government undertakes to achieve them by force."

IV

Perón is of Italian origin himself. His grandfather, whose name is said to have been Peroni, emigrated to Argentina from Sardinia. Juan Domingo Perón was born October 8, 1895, on his father's ranch near a small town about sixty-five miles south of Buenos Aires. He entered the National Military Academy in 1910, and graduated four years later without having revealed any considerable scholastic or military talents. As a young officer he did routine service and became a champion fencer, winning the title of best swordsman in the army. In 1938, after the death of his first wife, he was sent to Germany and later to Italy to study mountain fighting tactics. The Italian visit made a deep impression on him; on his return to Argentina he talked a good deal about the necessity

for a "crusade of spiritual renovation."

Soon he was a moving spirit in the Grupo Oficiales Unidos, usually referred to as the GOU. When the GOU pulled off its *coup* in June 1943, however, Colonel Perón was still a man in the background. The GOU was ostensibly run by two generals, one of whom, Rawson, served as provisional president for a few days, only to be ousted by his brother in arms, Ramirez. Perón was appointed Minister of Labor and Social Welfare under Ramirez and lost no time building his career.

He began by "reorganizing" the labor movement. He arrested most of the principal union leaders and had them replaced by men of his own choice. A number of trade-union men he bribed with well-paid jobs in his ministry. The end result of this early spade work by Perón was twofold: he destroyed the trade-union movement of Argentina as an independent entity, turning it into an arm of the state, similar to its position in Russia, as William L. Munger revealed in "How Perón Enslaves Argentine Labor," in the *MERCURY* of May 1947; and with lies and grandiose promises, he created a labor-based mass following for himself, a tactic which paid off handsomely when he felt it was time to assume open leadership of the movement.

In January 1944 another military *coup* took place in Argentina. This time the nominal head was General Edelmiro Farrell, but as before the

man in control was Perón. Farrell assumed the Presidency, and Perón now became Minister of War and Vice-President. He was too shrewd to forget his plans to build a personal mass support for himself from the ranks of labor; however, it was during this period that he ordered a 30 per cent increase in the wages of many workers in private industries, plus one month's pay as a Christmas bonus. This has endeared Perón to the industrial workers, who form a considerable percentage of the total population.

By the end of September 1945 Perón believed that he need no longer remain in the background and he undertook to eliminate the more troublesome of his internal opponents. From his office he telephoned orders to the chiefs of police in all large cities to arrest several hundred men whose names were on his blacklist. A great manhunt followed. Among those arrested were many of the nation's most prominent citizens, including the publishers and editors of the most important papers of South America.

Two weeks later, on October 9, 1945, Perón himself was seized by navy officers and confined on the island of Martín García, only to be released a week later by a group of his own followers. Perón then resigned his government posts and set about the organization of a new labor party, the Partido Laborista, and soon afterward he announced his campaign for the Presidency. His arrest has been a bit of a mystery. It was perhaps little more than an exhibition of the usual

rivalry between army and navy officers. It might also have been deliberately staged by Perón to enable him to assume the rôle of a martyr.

V

His election campaign revealed that Perón had learned his lessons in Germany and Italy to good purpose. He had promises of something for everybody. To the upper classes he held forth the idea of a powerful "Greater Argentina." To the workers he promised higher wages. To the landless peasants he promised land. Numerous five-man "committees," composed of former members of Perón's labor ministry, toured the agricultural districts. They interviewed farm workers wherever they went, asking them how many children they had, the amount of land they were working on a sharecropping basis, and entering everything in an impressive-looking ledger. At the end the committee leader would tell the clerk, "All right, put him down for the land he needs," and the sharecroppers would be told: "It's all settled. This land is yours as soon as Perón becomes president."

The elections were held in February 1946. Perón won with a majority of 55 per cent. His Partido Laborista won 115 of the 158 seats in the Lower Chamber of Congress, and all the seats in the Senate. Opposition to Perón, as has been pointed out, still exists in Argentina, but there is no gainsaying the fact that he was legally elected, in spite of being opposed publicly by the United States, and

that the dictatorship he is rapidly perfecting has a mass basis, which makes it something new in Latin American dictatorships.

The *Blue Book on Argentina* released by the United States State Department in February 1946 revealed incontrovertibly Perón's and his predecessor's collaboration with and support of German Nazis in Argentina and abroad. To be admitted to the San Francisco Conference of 1945 and the United Nations organizations, Argentina had to promise to break with the Nazis in Argentina and to expel them. A number of minor Nazis were in fact deported and some of their properties taken over by the government. But several of the most important Nazis, who had received Argentine citizenship, remained, and now exercise considerable influence and power. Among them is one of Perón's confidential secretaries, Rudolf Freude, the son of Ludwig Freude, who played an important rôle in the Nazi movement during the war and is wanted as a war criminal. Another Nazi in an important position is Heinrich Doerge, a former director of the Deutsche Reichsbank and protégé of Schacht — now a high official in the Argentine Central Bank. Nazi schools and organizations are still in existence and there is no doubt that much German capital and investments remain in the country, camouflaged under Argentine names and corporations.

Perón's relationship with Soviet Russia has fluctuated. For years the

Communists denounced him as a fascist. Then the Soviets made a trade pact with Argentina and began to look with friendly eyes upon him for his anti-American views. The Argentine Communist Party, at its Ninth Annual Congress last fall, suddenly discovered in Perón a friend of labor and hailed the cooperation of the "two freedom-loving and democratic peoples — Argentina and the Soviet Union." Now that Perón is making peace, at least outwardly, with America, the Communists are more discreet in their enthusiasm.

Perón's relations with the United States have also fluctuated. From 1942 to the middle of last June the estrangement between the two countries was open and almost bitter. Our ambassadors to Argentina, especially Spruille Braden, pointed out the help the Argentine government gave the Nazis and the Nazi character of the government. The State Department sponsored the *Blue Book on Argentina* in the attempt to defeat Perón in the presidential elections a year ago. He won just the same, perhaps got even more votes as the result of the *Blue Book*. Marshall supplanted Byrnes as Secretary of State and George Messersmith supplanted Spruille Braden as ambassador to Argentina. Messersmith was virtually instructed to appease Perón. He did. Spruille Braden, who had been elevated to the post of Assistant Secretary of State, resigned from public life. Messersmith, his job accomplished, was recalled, and he was supplanted in

Buenos Aires by James Bruce, who will no doubt also be friendly to Perón. The new policy is part of a larger policy of continental unity — with the desire on our part to unify continental weapons. Perón will do almost anything to get more arms from the United States, and thus the new relationship suits him fine.

VI

Today Perón does not show his fifty-two years. He makes a striking appearance: dark, handsome in a big, Latin way, with a slightly aquiline nose. A man of tremendous will power, uncommon ability, untiring energy, reckless and ruthless, he is said, by most people who come into contact with him, to have a “magnetic” personality. His speeches to his *descamisados* (shirtless ones), delivered from the balcony of the Casa Rosada, the presidential mansion in Buenos Aires, are in the Mussolini tradition and arouse tremendous enthusiasm.

Another Perón asset is his second wife, a former actress, thirty-one years old, named María Eva Duarte, whom he married in October 1945. Evita, as she is popularly called, has come a long way since she gave up a checkered career playing second-rate rôles in the movies and on the radio to become Madame Perón and a power in Argentina's social as well as political life. She enjoys humiliating society women who look askance at her somewhat ambiguous background. She is counselor as well as wife to Perón,

who accepted her suggestion for the appointment of a Postmaster General, for example, and for decreeing compulsory religious education in schools, which is unconstitutional. She owns her own newspaper, *Democracia*. Her latest triumph has been a trip to Europe. Franco gave her the head-of-state salute of twenty-one guns and Spain's highest decoration, the Order of Isabel the Catholic. She presented a dashing and highly photogenic figure giving the Falangist salute to the Madrid crowds which greeted her.

Evita is the idol of the shopgirls to whom she makes talks saying that she, too, was once a *descamisada* and that they, as she did, can follow Perón with profit.

Opposition to Perón is by no means extinct, but it is dwindling in accordance with historic Nazi-Communist patterns. Three Peronista deputies have been expelled from the government party, two have “died,” and twenty-seven have seceded to form an anti-government group bearing the confusing title of the Juan D. Perón Revolutionary Bloc. Not long ago a radio speech by Perón was interrupted by a secret radio broadcast which concluded with “Death to Perón!” This seems to have been the work of Perón's conservative, ultra-nationalist opponents, who dislike his radical economic policies. The industrialists are beginning to complain about the “slow confiscation” of their property. The landlords would like to be rid even of the little expropriation of their lands. The small farmers are

beginning to complain about the lowness of the prices they must accept from the government and the regulation that forbids them to employ more than one member of their own families, which means that they must hire laborers at higher costs.

It is unlikely, however, that Perón stands in any danger of losing the mass support of his *descamisados* of labor. He can show them that he is buying up American, British and French investments in the country, including the formerly American-owned International Telephone and Telegraph Company and the formerly British-owned railways. He can point out again and again that their wages are 30 per cent higher than ever before and higher than elsewhere in Latin America. While he cannot deny that the cost of living since 1939 has risen 122.2 per cent — which makes their wage increase dubious indeed — he promises to rectify all this in God's good time, by expropriating more foreign capital, by turning all industries over to the people, and by promising anything else that comes to his mind.

He is making sure that they know only what he wants them to know by systematically strangling all opposi-

tion voices. His terrorists attacked the property of the largest evening paper, *La Critica*, and other opposition papers. Sometimes Perón's gangsters beat up editors who persist in saying the wrong things, as they did a short while ago to Rodolfo Katz, editor and publisher of *Economic Survey* of Buenos Aires.

If the outside world insists that Perón is heading for war as surely as Hitler and Mussolini were, he counters, as they did, that he is a man of peace. In his recent broadcast to the world he boasted of his concern for "spiritual and moral values." But that concern in no way interferes with his huge military preparations and his demand for a "Greater Argentina."

Recently he did something that neither Hitler nor Mussolini could do. He won the open blessing of the Catholic Church. Pope Pius XII, who granted Evita Perón an audience for a half hour, also awarded to Perón himself the Great Cross of the Order of Pius IX, the second-ranking in dignity among papal awards.

A dictator of a predominantly Catholic country, who enjoys mass support as well as a papal blessing, is a good deal more than "just another Latin American dictator."



THE HEROES OF SATURDAY

A STORY

BY MORTON FREEDGOOD

WE CAME out of the theatre lunging and parrying, with fierce shouts in two languages, blinking in the sudden glare like so many dwarfs issuing after long imprisonment from the mouth of a dungeon. The tempo of the swordplay quickened as we started for home, and the sound of the death-rattle mingled with hoarse brays of triumph as one of us pressed home his point or another clutched his breast, the slim and tempered steel plunging through his body and emerging in glittering length at his back.

At Academy Street we took to horse, and our clattering hooves struck blue sparks from the cobblestones. We changed mounts at a postern near Sherman Avenue, and were off with barely a pause, our blades unsheathed, waving circles of golden fire in the late sun. Between Post and Nagle Avenues, by the big abandoned boiler in the lot, Porthos' mount stumbled and threw him. We reined in beside him, but in a moment

he was up, and we were off again, baring our teeth in laughter to the wind, one for all and all for one, Porthos, Athos, Aramis and Dartigan.

We made for the basement of Athos' house, where there were crates and boxes of finest toledo steel. For lack of varlets, each man was his own swordsmith. Dartigan was first finished. He pushed his sword into his belt, swaggered over to Aramis, and said, "Dog of a dog."

Porthos intervened. "*Mon Dieu*. For that I'll meet you behind the Luxembourg."

Dartigan said, "Well, hurry up," and went out of the basement, one impatient hand on the hilt of his sword.

Porthos said, "*Parbleu*."

"*Sacrebleu*," Athos said.

Aramis thought for a moment, his black brows knit, and then he said, "Yon Gascon, methinks . . ."

We came out together, the three of us, arm in arm, our swords held overhead, the sceptres of our unified

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strength. On the broad green lawn that ran the length of the block behind the row of apartment houses, Dartigan, hard-pressed, held off a squad of the Cardinal's Guard with his dancing point. With a shout of "One for all and all for one" we charged eagerly into the fray. There would be mourning in the palace of Richelieu that night.

Those Saturdays of my boyhood were rich in legend. It seemed to me that all the movies made in those days were made for boys, though it is somewhat closer to fact that the movie people in their wisdom saved their best product for their best audience. However that may be, I am certain without a doubt that the quality of films and of performers has degenerated pitifully since my day as a boy. There were giants then — Wallace Reid, Pearl White, William S. Hart, Tom Mix, the Farnum boys, even, in her own middle-of-the-week sphere of incomprehensible mush, Clara Kimball Young. And, most of all, Douglas Fairbanks, that great Promethean who brought fire to the minds of small boys, making the descent from heaven in one prodigious and breathtaking leap.

It may be that Fairbanks as Zorro, Fairbanks as the Thief of Bagdad, Fairbanks as D'Artagnan, Fairbanks as Robin Hood, was in all cases just an elderly athlete with a superhuman quota of bright teeth. It may be — but I do not believe it. I choose, instead, to draw on the reliable memory

of youth, and to believe that Fairbanks truly inhabited the sinewy body of D'Artagnan and Zorro, and even in his private life lived in constant jeopardy from which he escaped only by his skill with the rapier, his talent for scaling roofs and his good-natured audacity. For me, D'Artagnan was Fairbanks and Fairbanks was D'Artagnan, interchangeably, eternally.

They are gone elsewhere now, and pale bloodless shadows move listlessly across the screens of the land. *Sic transit gloria Saturday.*

When the last rogue of a guardsman had been dispatched, we joined our gory points aloft, and in the flush of victory vowed again everlasting comradeship, one for all and all for one, *morbleu*. Then we sheathed our swords and separated to return home for dinner. But first we pledged ourselves to meet again at seven — behind the Luxembourg, where, if luck was good, we might chance upon another hapless squad of Richelieu's minions.

As I dined (my mother served me, that night, with pigeon broiled upon a skewer and a flagon of ale) I dwelt on the dignity of battle by sword and the romance of the code duello. It was a true gentleman's way of settling a difference, and it offered an unlimited opportunity to the unmuscular. Brawn — the unfair determinant in all fist-fighting — was a negligible qualification, and any individual, by application, could become the best

swordsman in all France. It was a potential of proficiency denied, perhaps, only to members of the Cardinal's Guard.

The prospects were dazzling, and as I thought of them in relation to my own world of small boys, I knew that I had hit on a profound and revolutionary idea.

My comrades were already waiting, in the waning light behind the Luxembourg, when I arrived. As I approached, a squad of Cardinal's Guards attacked me treacherously from behind. The musketeers came to my aid. All around us, in the gentle summer dusk, successive regiments of the enemy sprang up, as though hatched from hostile dragon's teeth. Our swords became reddened to the hilt. At last we tired of killing guardsmen, and we threw ourselves on the grass to rest.

For a while we lay in silence, in a satiety of glory, watching the fixed bright stars in the illimitable sky. Finally, Chink Brewer, the least poet among us, sighed and spoke:

"What you could have done with one machine gun those days."

Roy Darrow, who was, by common consent and his own fiery and Gascon nature, Dartigan, said, "He wouldn't worry about any machine gun. He could scale the side of the building and then slide down the telegraph wire to the other building and then jump down on the feller with the machine gun with a dagger. Bing — in the back."

Chink looked dubious. "They

didn't have telegraph in those days."

Roy snorted with contempt for Chink's enfeebled logic. "Yeah, well, they didn't have machine guns either."

Barney Rheinstrom said, "Mostly only varlets handled guns. The gentlemen always duelled."

Roy said, "On guard," and poked his sword at the nearby sky in a well-executed riposte in tierce.

Chink said, rather sullenly, "I'll take a pistol against a sword any old time."

Roy said, "Then you're a varlet."

"The idea is, Chink," Barney said patiently, "that gentlemen always chose the weapon of the sword."

Roy said, "I wish they would fight that way nowadays. Carry a sword all the time. When somebody makes you mad you draw, on guard. Bing — right through the guts."

This, with certain modifications, was my idea. Now that it had been stated, however casually, by no less a person than Roy, I knew that its adoption was merely a matter of time and careful nurturing.

Chink was not yet ready to surrender. "Yeah, how could you wear your sword all the time? How could you wear it to school?"

Barney Rheinstrom said, "He don't mean a real sword."

Roy turned to him in the darkness. "Who said I don't?"

Barney said with sincerity, "I wouldn't want to kill guys with a real sword. Would you?"

"Sure." Roy glared at him for

another moment, and then he rolled over on his back and communicated his fierceness to the stars.

"You'd go to the electric chair," Chink said. Roy disdained to answer.

We lapsed into silence again. In a moment I would be ready to present my idea — with carefully staged excitement; it must not seem premeditated, but the inspiration of a golden moment. But first I would have to clear the air somewhat.

"Listen," I said, "the musketeers didn't wear their swords when they went to business, did they, Chink?"

Chink looked at me suspiciously. "Well?"

"Well, so we wouldn't wear them when we went to school. Only after school. Am I right, Roy?"

"Right." Roy lunged at the sky. "In through his black heart."

I said to Barney, "They duelled to avenge an insult to their honor. Right?"

"Like when Dartigan bunked into Athos," Barney said. "He insulted his honor. So they duelled."

"Because they were gentlemen," I said, and Barney nodded.

I lay back, satisfied for the moment, and none of us spoke, gazing upward, filled with the dark solemnity of the sky, with the inexorable encroachment of the adult night on our day. Our time was short now. In another five minutes, ten minutes, a window somewhere above would open, an invisible head would come out, staring downward, and the parent-authority would call a name decisively. . . .

I jumped to my feet suddenly, swinging my arm in a wide circle, screaming, "I got it . . . I got it, fellers. . . ."

Chink and Barney sat up in startlement, and Roy turned quickly to look behind him, suspecting an ambush in the darkness.

I took an argumentative tone: "What's wrong with us being just like them? Duelling when we get insulted? What's wrong with that?"

Barney caught on quickly. He laughed hoarsely and drew his sword with a flourish. "My honor is insulted. On guard."

"See?" I said. "Instead of fighting when you get insulted, you have a duel to the death."

Barney rattled his sword against mine. "On guard, dog of a dog."

Chink said cautiously, "What if you want to duel and the other guy wants to fight?"

"He can't. It's against the rules."

Barney lowered his swordpoint. "Only varlets fight," he said eagerly. "See, Chink? Gentlemen duel."

Roy spoke for the first time since the subject had been broached. "I got to be Dartigan."

"You can be Dartigan," I said. "Holy smokes. Maybe we can get everybody in Inwood duelling instead of fighting."

Roy's sword developed a lightning series of passes. "Dartigan is the best swordsman in all France."

Barney said, "Porthos is the best swordsman in all Inwood."

Chink drew his sword, saying, with-

out conviction, "Aramis is the best swordsman in the whole world."

"*Parbleu*," I said. "You insulted Athos. On guard."

Chink drew back. "Wait a minute. We ain't supposed to duel each other. One for all and all for one."

Roy said, "Well, if we don't duel each other, who are we going to duel?"

"Tweedy's gang."

"Tweedy's gang uses bow and arrows," Barney said.

"That don't matter," Roy said. "But we got to duel each other sometimes, too."

"Only when our honor is insulted," Barney said.

"Tweedy's gang can be the Cardinal's Guards," I suggested.

We stood suddenly frozen, immobile, as we heard the sound of a window running up, and after a pause, while the head above searched through the night, the voice came down piercingly, "Sid—ney. Sidney. Come right upstairs."

Chink lowered his head and put his sword spiritlessly into his belt. "I gotta go up." He started down the slope of grass that led up toward the house.

"Wait a minute," I said. Then I shouted, "One for all and all for one," holding my point aloft.

The others joined their swords to mine overhead. We all shouted, "One for all and all for one."

Chink went off into the courtyard, trailing the point of his sword on the asphalt. . . .

II

The next day was Sunday, and most of us were dragged off unwillingly on visits to relatives. On Monday, as soon as we were liberated from school, we met and rushed home, in high excitement fed partially from anticipation of the new game, partially from the enforced abstinence of Sunday. My mother watched in astonishment as I bolted my milk with no sign of the usual dilatory tactics, and then rushed out, my sword in its scabbard, cake-crumbs falling from my lips like froth.

As I came out of the house I met Guy Anderson, one of Tweedy's gang, wearing a bow slung over one shoulder and carrying a quiver filled with reed arrows. Guy came from South Carolina, and he was famous for his hot temper. As we passed the time of day now, there was a lack of cordiality, dating back to the time when he had tried earnestly to kill me with the cavalry sabre of his grandfather, who had been a captain of the Confederates. In a way, that had been my own fault more than his. I had been visiting in his house on a rainy day and, despite my knowledge of his legendary hot blood, I had taunted him on the outcome of the Civil War. He had snatched the sabre from the wall and chased me out into the corridor, crying with rage and swinging at me with great slicing strokes, until his mother intervened and saved my life. Guy had once had a terrible fight with Roy Darrow, and even

after Roy had knocked him down and drawn blood, Guy had continued, sobbing fiercely with outraged pride, unwilling to quit even after Roy had refused to hit him any more. They had hardly spoken to each other since that day.

Guy asked me about my sword, and after a non-committal reply we parted and I hurried around to behind the Luxembourg. Barney and Chink were already there, fencing energetically.

"Put up your swords, men," I shouted. "Duelling is a serious matter. Only to avenge your honor." I must point out that my own scheme had enveloped me, and I actually had some grandiose idea of trying to establish it as the law on at least a neighborhood-wide basis. (Such are the dialectics of growth that the scorn I held until recently for my childish reformatory zeal has since changed to wistful appreciation. The technical adjustment of a grievance with a wooden sword in a sham battle has a certain pathetic appeal to a man who may some day, through the baleful conjury of atomic fission, dissolve in a voluptuous mushroom of smoke and radioactive particles.)

Roy arrived in the midst of our discussion on the ethics of duelling, fighting his way through a veritable thicket of Cardinal's Guards. He took up a stand less consistent with his fiery nature than usual, merely because it put him in direct opposition to Chink. What started on a moderately reasonable basis soon became

hotly polemic and finally degenerated into an argument purely *ad puerum*. When Roy pushed Chink in the chest, sending him reeling backward, I knew that the moment for intervention had come. I stepped between them.

"*Monsieurs*," I said gravely, "if you have a difference, settle it like gentlemen."

"I'll brain him," Roy said.

Chink said thinly, "You and what army?"

The next gambit belonged to Roy, who would say, "Me, myself and I," and it was only a question of six or seven more exchanges before the ritual of the challenge would be exhausted and they would have to fight — unless Chink backed down, which was more than likely. But I wasn't taking any chances. I spread my arms out wardingly.

"Stay where you are, *Monsieurs*." I spoke with the firm authority, the sweet sadness of Athos. "*Parbleu*. Are you varlets, who fight with fists and pistols, or gentlemen?" I turned to Roy. "If he insulted you, meet him behind the Luxembourg."

"I'll brain him." Roy scowled and made a sharp gesture of threat at Chink.

"Dartigan," I said solemnly, "your honor is at stake. Duel him or forever perish. It's up to you, Dartigan." I saw my world toppling, and my voice became almost shrill with appeal. "How about it, Dartigan?"

Roy hesitated, and then his wrath dissolved suddenly. He drew his sword. "On guard, thou Chink."

That moment was one of the high spots of my boyhood. If Roy's intransigence had yielded to the romance and logic of sham combat, then the whole world could be conquered. As Roy and Chink drove each other back and forth across the lawn, I permitted myself visions of the entire youth of Inwood living by my code — gentlemen all, deadly swordsmen, wearing the plumed hat and flowing cape of chivalry, carving out of the great city one small section indistinguishable from the Paris of the seventeenth century. If I had any doubts about the willingness of the Tweedy gang to conform, I gave them small notice. Tweedy's gang would conform, or be put to the sword.

Roy put an end to the fight with a savage thrust to the gizzard. The combatants saluted each other like true musketeers, raising their swords skyward at a forty-five-degree angle, their hilts resting on their upper lips, just under their noses. Barney and I joined them in the salute, and after a rousing round of Gallic oaths we clasped hands and swore eternal comradeship: one for all and all for one.

III

After that, there was some business to be attended to with a corps of the Cardinal's Guard and, naturally, another affirmation of undying brotherhood. Then things got a little dull, as our imagination flagged. But Barney pushed me playfully, and I challenged him. It was while I was trying desperately to cope with Barney's queer

and unorthodox left-handed swordsmanship that Guy Anderson appeared. I was conscious, even in the heat of battle, of his soft intense voice, calling on me to dispose of my man. As it happened, Barney ran me through very shortly after his arrival.

Roy and Chink joined us in the ritual salute, while Guy stood a little way off, excitement shining in his grave eyes.

He came up to us eagerly. "Can I play?"

Barney, with his customary generosity, agreed at once and with warmth.

I said to Guy, with some reserve, "We're musketeers. No fist-fighting. We duel, like in the olden times."

"I'd sure like to join you," Guy said.

Roy looked at him hostilely. "How do we know you ain't a spy for Tweedy?"

Guy said, "See here," and held his bow out. It was broken, the string hanging in a loose loop, the ends still tied to the bow. "I'm out of Tweedy's gang. I broke the bow myself. On purpose."

We were all convinced — even, I think, Roy. But Roy could not easily rout the memory of the bitterness of that fight with Guy. His pride was a stubborn thing, and like the pride of adults, it often compromised his sense of justice.

"Let's take him in the gang," I said. "How about it, men?"

Barney and Chink signified assent,

and I turned to Roy. Behind his troubled eyes, the compulsions of memory and fact, pride and forgiveness, were locked in a struggle to the death. Guy stood very stiffly, in an agony of anxiety, but his head was held high, and his face showed no emotion. Guy's pride, I think, was the pride of the true aristocrat — inbred, controlled, implacable, and, like the frayed fabric of an inappropriate and outmoded garment, slightly ridiculous.

Roy scuffed his foot. Then, averting his head, he said, "Okay."

Barney let out a cheer, and we drew our swords and held them aloft. After a moment's hesitation, Roy joined his sword to ours, and Guy held his broken bow upraised, his face bright, his white teeth showing.

I said, "Cadet Guy, go get yourself a sword."

Guy gave a rebel yell, and loped across the grass, trailing the broken bow behind him. Now that the tension was gone, we became rather boisterous and rowdy. In the next ten minutes there were a dozen insults and as many duels. Roy remained aloof for a few minutes and then the excitement of the play caught him, and he joined in, the last vestige of his discontent washed away.

Guy heralded his return from fifty yards off with the rebel yell. I turned to watch him running toward us, holding something aloft that caught the final rays of the low sun with a reflection like flame, and before he reached us I knew with sick apprehen-

sion that Guy's weapon was his grandfather's cavalry sabre.

It was a freak of coincidence rather than any cosmic symbolism that caused the sun to choose that particular moment to disappear below the granite line of the White Rocks, but the timing was perfect. At the same moment, the light went out of our game. We stood still, frozen with dismay, staring at the sabre, a column of cold curved light, flowing upward from the ground, into which the point sank with horrifying ease, to the heavy basket-hilt, frivolously adorned with two bright tassels.

Guy seemed unaware of the inappropriateness of his weapon and the consternation its appearance had created. He had been told to get his sword and he had got it. With bogus ferocity (so out of place now that our own bogus ferocity had been drained from us like blood, leaving us pale and trembling), he challenged us to combat. Our individual reaction to the terror that had intruded upon us so suddenly was uniformly characteristic. Chink looked around furtively for some way to sneak off, regardless of compromise to his honor; I stood rooted and helpless, my imagination soaring into a gaudy and nameless realm, my body paralyzed; Barney, the apostle of reason and beneficence, smiled with sick incredulous sweetness; Roy, the one truly brave man among us, showed his fear openly — Roy knew that of all of us his chances were best of eventually facing that cold and glittering sabre.

Guy continued to issue challenges, still unaware of the terror that had stricken us, realizing only with puzzlement that we seemed to be flouting the rules of our own game. He went from one to the other of us, his sword extended, confronting us directly, the confusion deepening in his eyes as we stood motionless.

It was his own bewilderment, at last, that impelled him to say, looking directly at Roy, "Are you afraid of me? Y'all are cowards."

I saw the color rise in Roy's face, but he did not move.

Guy approached me. "Are you afraid to duel me?" I looked into his hot eyes, where puzzlement now was giving way to suspicion and anger. Chink shied when Guy confronted him, as though dodging a blow. Facing Barney, Guy's face was white. "Y'all making fun of me?"

Barney grinned disarmingly. "We can't fight with —"

Guy interrupted: "Coward!" He turned quickly to Roy. He lifted his sabre threateningly and said, "On guard, you coward!"

Roy shrank back reflexively, and then he straightened up, three or four paces from Guy now, his sword down at his side, his eyes suddenly wet with tears of rage and fear. Guy said again, "Coward!", his voice shrill and cracked with anger and frustration.

That wooden sword was the heaviest object that Roy had ever lifted, drawing a mystical density from his fear. It came up slowly, agonizingly, and I turned my eyes from it to watch

Roy's face. It was set rigidly, the mouth open a little, gasping, as though sucking in air. The sword came up, wavered for a moment, and then it was parallel to the ground. Roy sobbed, gulping for breath, and said, "On guard!"

Guy started for him, the sabre swinging upward like a malevolent and rigid silver snake, whistling in the quiet air. Roy stood waiting, his wooden sword clenched tightly in front of him. The sabre began its downward arc, and then it was going upward again, with a sudden antic velocity, and Guy was stumbling forward, both hands free, spreading them to break his fall. The sabre twisted upward, flew over Roy's head, and came down in the grass behind him.

(It was not until later that I learned it was not an act of God which had tripped Guy, but one of His young and ardent henchmen, Barney Rheinstrom, who had stuck one purposive foot into Guy's path.)

Roy stood motionless for a moment, and then he screamed, more in relief, I think, than anger. He dropped his sword and dove at Guy, who was down on all fours, bearing him back to the ground with his weight.

Of the rest of us, Barney moved first, darting around the struggling figures on the grass. I ran after him, and when I reached him he already had the sabre in his hand. Chink came up, and without a word, with Barney carrying the sabre, we ran quickly toward the cellar of our house. With giggling and nervous haste, we

tossed the sabre into one of the open-topped storage bins in the cellar, listening for its clatter when it hit the cement floor. Shouting hoarsely, we ran back through the gray damp passageways, and out again into the clean air.

Guy and Roy were on their feet, standing close together, punching at short range. They were both bleeding, and Guy's shirt was torn and hanging from one shoulder. We formed a ring around them and began to shout savage encouragement and advice. Occasionally, in our joy, we would pummel each other with vicious force. It

was good to be back in our own century again.

That night, as I ate (farina, eggs and a large glass of milk), I recalled another recent movie I had seen — with a mythical kingdom background — in which the hero, after disarming his opponent with a neat flick of his rapier, had discarded his own weapon and said, "And now, my friend, we'll fight the *American* way," while his opponent, his dark foreign face twitching with fear, gave up all hope.

In those days, there was something in the movies for everyone, something to fit every occasion.

EPITAPH FOR MY GRANDMOTHER

BY RUTH BUGBEE

She always took the steepest trail,
Chose to travel in a gale, —
Driving enemy, dragging friend, —
And never reached her journey's end.
When all had dropped or turned aside,
For lack of opposition, she died.

THE ENIGMA OF WOODROW WILSON

BY ARTHUR S. LINK

ANY evaluation of Woodrow Wilson's place in American history demands an exercise in reconciling a number of apparent contradictions. He is venerated by progressives today as the leading reformer of the prewar period, the man who seized control of the progressive movement and brought it to full flower before 1917; yet the conservatism he imbibed from the society in which he matured and from his study of history and politics was perhaps the dominant influence in his life. No American leader since Lincoln has been motivated in his public life by high ideals as much as Wilson, and none has been better able to give voice to them, yet at numerous critical junctures in his career his actions were dictated largely by political expediency. He was endowed with an immense capacity for leadership and an ability to inspire great loyalty in his disciples, yet when pressed too hard by his opponents he could be fierce and passionately bitter, and his career was a history of broken friendships. Essentially a pacifist at heart, he became America's great war leader. A provincial East-

erner who knew little of the world, who popularized the phrase "America First," he became the symbol throughout the world of the hope for collective security and a lasting peace among the nations.

There was nothing about Wilson's childhood to indicate any special endowments. He did inherit from his boyhood in the South, however, the usual body of upper-class Southern attitudes toward the Negro, career women and society in general, and perhaps it was these prejudices that later blinded him and blocked the development of a genuine social conscience. During these early years before Wilson entered public life his environment in the South and later at Princeton, his worshipful study of Adam Smith, Burke, Bagehot and the Manchester Liberals, and his coterie of friends, all conspired to develop in him an attitude toward social problems that was strongly conservative.

This conservative theme is dominant throughout his early political writings, but it was largely an academic or theoretical conservatism that evinced itself during this period.

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Later, after he became president of Princeton in 1902, he began to speak aggressively on the leading economic and political questions of the day, and now the earlier conservatism began to harden into a militant reaction against the progressive movement. He lashed out at Bryan and denounced Theodore Roosevelt for his anti-trust crusade and his demands for government regulation of business.

But just when it appeared that he was becoming one of the leading champions of "free enterprise" and laissez faire in the United States, Wilson underwent a bitter experience at Princeton that shocked him out of these views and set his mind to thinking in an entirely new direction. Wilson possessed a terrific driving force, a capacity for leadership and an amazingly active brain. He came to the presidency of Princeton at a time when a campus reform movement was at its height. Although he had certainly not been the originator of this revolt, he became its leader, and from 1902 to 1906 he pushed through to successful adoption a reform of the curriculum and the teaching methods. It was these which made Princeton the outstanding educational laboratory and Wilson the leading educational statesman of his day.

Though he was already ahead of most of his contemporaries, Wilson was not content to stand still and consolidate his gains. Instead he launched an ambitious drive to reorganize the social life of the Princeton undergraduates: he demanded the abolition

of the eating clubs, which the upper-classmen had erected, and their incorporation into quadrangles in which members of all classes would live, eat and mingle socially. The legend that Wilson started a crusade for social democracy on the campus is far from the truth. Undoubtedly the club system as it was then constituted was undemocratic and socially exclusive; undoubtedly Wilson's proposals had democratic implications, and the social questions involved were hotly debated. Yet Wilson himself time and again protested that he was not making a fight against social exclusiveness. He insisted that he was seeking merely the academic advancement of the undergraduate community.

Defeat was certain when it became evident that an overwhelming majority of the students and alumni were opposed to the quadrangle plan. It was the first time that Wilson had suffered defeat at Princeton, and it came to him as a terrible shock. As a result, partially at least, he began to change fundamentally in his social and political attitudes. He saw for the first time that there is often a direct connection between wealth and resistance to social change.

II

Yet for all the social dynamite inherent in the quadrangle fight, it required the experience of another bitter defeat before Wilson's latent idealism was to burst forth in its full fury. The struggle, in which Wilson launched ostensibly upon a crusade

to democratize American universities, centered about the location and control of a graduate college at Princeton. At the heart of the controversy was the personal fight between Wilson and Andrew F. West, dean of the Graduate School, over control of the establishment. Wilson admitted that the personal question was the important one, yet he insisted upon confusing the debate by injecting numerous other considerations that were not entirely relevant. Finally, after Dean West had won the support of a majority of the trustees, Wilson lashed out angrily by announcing that he was battling for democratic ideals and practices against the exclusive, snobbish, anti-democratic ideals of his opponents. But this appeal failed in the end and again Wilson was defeated, and the defeat left him bitter and emotionally distressed.

In the struggles among the trustees, faculty and alumni at Princeton, Wilson learned his first lessons in practical politics. He revealed a disturbing inclination to throw every dispute, no matter how trivial the issues involved, upon the high plane of universal morality, and he appealed to universal principles to support his cause. He also developed a practice of making every controversy personal and identifying the men who opposed his proposals as personal enemies. The upshot of the campus battles was that Wilson came to believe that the great forces of organized wealth who were attempting to corrupt American

society were also at work attempting to corrupt Princeton.

Meanwhile Wilson had been projected into the political arena, though through no action of his own. His political career began when George Harvey, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, conceived the idea of pushing Wilson for the Presidency. It was Harvey who won the support of the New Jersey bosses for Wilson's candidacy for governor in 1910, and in the face of the outraged progressive opinion of the state Wilson was nominated on the Democratic ticket in September. During the next two months he did an amazing about-face: he capitulated completely to the progressives, won their support, and even turned against the bosses who had given him the nomination by trying to seize the leadership of the party from them.

Wilson's election and subsequent administration represented the culmination of the progressive movement in New Jersey. He originated no program, for every one of the reforms that he pushed through the legislature had been the object of progressive agitation for many years. In this respect Wilson's career at Princeton, Trenton and Washington is remarkably similar. In none of these instances was he a pioneer in the reform movements which came to full flower during his administrations. Herein lies his significance as a popular and successful statesman — he was a catalytic agent of reform who succeeded where others had failed be-

cause he combined great capacity for leadership with an ability to adjust his program to the historical realities of the day.

After Wilson's election as Governor of New Jersey events moved in a kaleidoscopic fashion. He was forced to commit himself definitely with regard to the question of party leadership in the state when the progressives set out to defeat the election of James Smith, Jr., to the Senate. Wilson committed himself in a way that could not be misunderstood by leading the fight against Smith and winning. Next Wilson pushed through reluctant and boss-ridden legislature bills providing for sweeping election and primary reforms, a workmen's compensation system, and a public utilities commission with power to set rates. Finally, in the late spring of 1911 he made a grand tour of the West, where he presented his program before receptive audiences and announced his complete conversion to the progressive program then current.

III

There has never been anything like Wilson's rise to national political leadership before or since in our history. But it was no accident that he progressed from an untried, local politician to the leadership of the national Democratic party in the space of eighteen months. He had made good in New Jersey, and his spectacular accomplishments there won him support among the rank and file of the voters, if not among the old-line party lead-

ers. He was a figure entirely new in American politics, and the people definitely were tired of professional politicians. Most important of all, he came upon the political scene at a time when the decline of Bryan's leadership and the paucity of leaders in the Democratic party had resulted in a political vacuum.

Yet it seemed certain that Wilson's bid for the Presidential nomination would be frustrated by a campaign led by reactionaries on the one hand and by professional politicians, Hearst and the followers of Champ Clark, the speaker of the House of Representatives, on the other. That Wilson was nominated in the face of this powerful opposition is one of the miracles of modern politics; it is, incidentally, to the everlasting credit of the two-thirds rule and the convention system that he was nominated. The following summer and fall of 1912 witnessed what can only be described as a political whirlwind. Theodore Roosevelt had made a bid for the Republican nomination, and when that effort failed he took his progressive supporters with him out of the GOP and organized a third party in protest. As a consequence, the fight for the presidency was entirely between Wilson and Roosevelt, and both made magnificent campaigns. Wilson won because he had the support not only of a united party, but also of a good proportion of the independent voters.

The fact that he was the leader of a minority party and was inaugurated

a minority President was not lost upon Woodrow Wilson. He had a good working majority in both houses of Congress because the Republicans had for the time committed political suicide, but it was a majority that might last only two years, and he was determined to make the most of it. The period from March 1913 to November 1914 was, therefore, a time of tremendous achievement, when progressive leaders thought they had succeeded in accomplishing a new birth of freedom for the American people. Again, Wilson brought all his powers of leadership to bear upon the main course of legislation. In conjunction with his advisers he formulated policy and drafted laws, pleaded with representatives and senators to support this measure or that, and was chiefly responsible for the fulfillment of what came to be known as the New Freedom program.

Tariff revision had top priority, because the tariff had been used by the Republicans, at least since 1890, as a cheap and convenient method of paying off campaign debts. The plea of protection for infant industries had become an absurdity, but the tariff was an extremely dangerous political question. Roosevelt had lacked the courage to undertake any tariff revision at all and his successor, Taft, had been badly burned when he broached the subject. The Democrats in 1913, however, were committed to downward tariff revision, and the passage of the Underwood bill was delayed only because the Republican

senators insisted on discussing it schedule by schedule. While it is doubtful that Wilson's influence in writing the bill was decisive, he did at least insist upon and obtain free sugar and free wool, and he helped to undermine the influence of a powerful sugar lobby that was hard at work. The result was that for the first time since the Civil War the tariff was treated as a matter of economics rather than politics.

Similarly, in the case of three other great reforms of the prewar years — the Federal Reserve Act, the Clayton anti-trust law and the Federal Trade Commission Act — Wilson's leadership was the decisive factor. He pushed the Federal Reserve measure through an unwilling Congress almost in spite of his party leaders. There had been some popular demand for currency reform and banking control as a result of the disclosures of the Pujo Committee's investigation into the money trust, but it had been incoherent and entirely unorganized. The establishment of the Federal Reserve system was, therefore, clearly Wilson's own accomplishment, and he was responsible for governmental control over the Reserve Board, the decentralization of the system and commodity currency. In like manner, although the impetus also came from Congress and the people, he guided the men who rewrote the anti-trust laws and established a Federal commission to administer them.

It was a great program, to be sure, and its enactment alone would have

been sufficient to assure for Wilson permanent stature as a liberal statesman. But the question whether it was radical, progressive or conservative is another matter and requires an inquiry into the whole area of legislation during the Wilson Administration, as well as a general consideration of the character of the progressive movement at the time.

IV

If liberalism be defined as the effort of the masses of the people to wrest control of the government from the business community, then neither Wilson nor most of his co-workers can be defined as liberals. For Wilson was a progressive in the eastern, urban tradition. He was the spokesman of the small businessmen, small bankers and shopkeepers — of the overwhelming majority of the business community, in other words. He felt no antagonism even toward big business when big business observed the rules of the game. He wanted, desperately at times, the support and confidence of large bankers, manufacturers and businessmen. Although he drew support from the agrarian progressives, he was not in the Bryan-agrarian tradition, and on numerous occasions he found himself in opposition to the demands of the agrarian spokesmen. Finally, he certainly did not represent in any sense the great masses of labor or any such unrepresented minority group as the Negroes.

An analysis of Wilson's attitude toward the demands of organized

labor, the farm group in Congress, and the Negro question demonstrates, in a negative way, perhaps, the limitations of his progressivism and, in general, of the entire Eastern, middle-class group that he represented.

The labor provisions of the Clayton Act legalizing the existence of unions, permitting peaceful picketing, boycotts, etc., and restraining the use of the injunction by employers were hailed by Samuel Gompers as labor's "Magna Charta," and in a sense Gompers spoke correctly. Wilson received credit for these achievements, and after the law had been enacted he spoke about them as if they had been originally his own. Yet the truth is that the Clayton bill, as originally written by the House judiciary committee and expressing precisely Wilson's desires, contained absolutely no references to labor. Only after a small but vociferous labor bloc in Congress let it be known that they would make an open and embarrassing fight if a labor clause were not inserted in the bill, and only after all the pressure the AFL could muster had been brought to bear on the President and Congress, were the labor provisions of the Clayton bill accepted. Wilson, incidentally, thought the Clayton Act gave labor no privileges that it did not already enjoy and said so publicly; and he certainly would not have countenanced any move to exempt the activities of labor unions from the operation of the anti-trust laws. In addition, Wilson was opposed to the restriction of immigration by the use

of a literacy test and twice vetoed a bill that contained this provision. This was a proposal for which organized labor and other progressive groups had been fighting for decades.

It is an interesting thesis which has, on the whole, obtained acceptance, that Wilson himself brought to fruition most of the populist demands for ample farm credit that were yet unfulfilled in 1913. Yet the fact is that he was not very responsive to agrarian demands. The Federal Reserve bill, as originally planned and written with Wilson's approval, contained no provisions for including the farmers in the benefits of the new system. Only after a major revolt of the Southern farm representatives in the House, who demanded that agricultural paper be eligible also for discount by the Reserve banks, threatened to wreck the bill altogether did Wilson give in and satisfy the demands of the farm representatives on this count. The important Federal Farm Loan Act of 1916, which provided long-term credit for the farmers, was not Wilson's measure in any sense. On the contrary, he threatened to veto the bill in 1914, when it had just been written by a joint subcommittee of Congress. His chief objection to the bill, be it noted, was that it provided for government sponsorship of the proposed farm credit system, a provision to which he said he was unalterably opposed. Later, when it was politically necessary for him to do so, he signed the measure in 1916.

On the Negro question, Wilson

revealed that he, too, had the blind spot that was so common among progressives of the prewar period. He allowed, for example, a policy of segregation in government departments that outraged and insulted Negroes all over the country.

The fallacy in the usual interpretations of the New Freedom period is the attempt of historians to read back into Wilsonian reform the social consciousness and humanitarianism which was the driving force of the New Deal. It is interesting to note how much of the New Deal program was anticipated during the Wilson period and rejected by Wilson himself. Among the measures that Wilson opposed or refused to support were bills providing for the insurance of bank deposits, the nationalization of telephone and telegraph facilities, the regulation of the stock market and the issuance of new securities, and a crop-control program designed to support the price of cotton.

It is one of the ironies of history that Wilson, who was little interested in foreign affairs, should have been beset by as severe difficulties in this field as any other President. During the period before the outbreak of the war, relations with the European nations were unperturbed by any important controversy and it was with Mexico, the Caribbean countries and Japan that Wilson and Bryan, his Secretary of State, had the most difficulty. Japan felt aggrieved because California had enacted legislation to prevent Japanese subjects from own-

ing land in the state and although Bryan managed to effect a settlement the deep-seated grievance remained to plague Japanese-American relations. In the Caribbean the Roosevelt-Taft "dollar diplomacy" was broadened to include Nicaragua and Haiti. The Mexican situation was incredibly confused and complicated, and it defies summary. Mexico was then in the midst of a great revolution aimed at overthrowing the feudal dictatorship of the landholders, the army and the Church. It can hardly be said that Wilson had a Mexican policy; instead he acted opportunistically day by day, and often he shifted and blundered. But he was entirely consistent in his purpose of helping the Mexican people to find themselves and to govern themselves. Thus he supported the Constitutionalist cause against the dictator, Huerta, and he finally intervened at Vera Cruz to force Huerta to terms.

v

In the summer of 1914 the World War erupted in Europe, and until April 1917 Wilson was compelled to devote most of his energies to keeping the United States neutral. The tragedy of the United States and the war is that Wilson labored desperately to keep this country out of the war and by so laboring made it inevitable that the United States could not remain neutral. Until the Germans launched their submarine campaign in February 1915 the problem was relatively simple, and the chances are that had the

Germans never used the submarine Wilson would have succeeded in preserving American neutrality. There were numerous irritating clashes with the British over violations of American shipping rights, to be sure, but they were for the most part petty, and Wilson would never have countenanced our going to war on this account. Nor did the fact that American bankers and munition makers strongly favored the Allies make any considerable difference. But when a German submarine sank the British liner *Lusitania* in May 1915, causing the death of more than one hundred Americans, Wilson was brought face to face with the country's most serious diplomatic crisis since the Civil War.

In the negotiations that followed the sinking of the *Lusitania*, Wilson insisted not only that the Germans respect American shipping, which, incidentally, the German Government had already offered to do, but also that the Germans abandon completely their unrestricted submarine war on all merchant shipping, belligerent as well as neutral. It was as audacious a diplomatic move as had ever been made by an American President. Had Wilson not insisted on this demand and had he not coupled with it an assertion of the right of Americans to travel on belligerent ships it is likely that the whole question of the relation of the German submarines to American shipping could have been amicably settled. For a time the Germans did give up the use of their most valuable naval weap-

on, but it was inevitable that they would use it again; it was also a foregone conclusion that, because of the terms already laid down by Wilson, the United States would be forced into the war.

Many of Wilson's contemporaries, including Bryan, who would not remain in the Cabinet because of Wilson's policy toward Germany, and La Follette, Claude Kitchin and Champ Clark, saw the danger of holding Germany to strict accountability while simultaneously winking at Britain's violations of our neutral rights, and predicted that it would lead to war.

Meanwhile, Wilson had been narrowly reelected in 1916 over Charles Evans Hughes, the Republican candidate, largely because Bryan and his spokesmen succeeded in convincing the West that Wilson would keep the country out of war. Following this popular endorsement, Wilson did try to bring about negotiations for peace, but neither of the Allies would listen to any such proposal and the plan failed. In the last months of 1916 Wilson came to understand the basic causes of the war — imperialism, greed and extreme nationalism, the guilt for which was shared by the Allies as well as by the Central Powers. In January 1917 he told Congress and the world that only a peace among equals could last, that only a "peace without victory" could stand.

This conviction grew steadily in Wilson's mind. He was, therefore, all the more chagrined when the German

Government announced in February a resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare. Wilson's gamble for peace had failed, and the failure was all the more tragic because of the magnitude of the stakes involved. There was nothing left to do but accept the challenge.

The main events of America's participation in the first World War are known too well to require any discussion here. Wilson's rôle as war leader, however, requires some assessment. Whether it was wise or foolish, Wilson undertook to make of this nation's war effort a great idealistic crusade for "democracy" throughout the world. In order to do this with any consistency it was necessary to convince the American people that the Kaiser and his government were the incarnation of autocracy, militarism and even barbarism. The trouble was that Wilson did not properly calculate the risks involved in such an approach. True, he and his Committee on Public Information did work the people into a state bordering on mass hysteria, and a good many Americans came honestly to believe that the war would establish righteousness and peace on earth. But when the truth was finally known the disillusionment was great indeed.

Let it be said to Wilson's credit, however, that he sincerely believed that America was giving her blood and money for a noble cause. His Fourteen Points, which he enumerated as America's war objectives, still stand as the noblest expression of a nation's

war aims that our century has known. It was not Wilson's fault that Versailles turned out to be a marketplace where the German spoils were divided. It is rather to his credit that the peace terms were not more vindictive.

Wilson of course thought that he had salvaged the most important object of all at Versailles—the new League of Nations—and the supreme tragedy was that he himself shared so largely in the responsibility for America's failure to enter the League and make it a going concern. There is probably no more controversial subject in American history than the question of responsibility for the failure of this country to enter the League of Nations. There is no doubt that Wilson was confronted by a reprehensible conspiracy of Republican leaders in the Senate and elsewhere to embarrass him and his party and prevent, if possible, the ratification of the treaty. Yet from the start Wilson himself made the peace question a partisan issue by calling for a Democratic Congress in November 1918, by ignoring the important Republican leaders in making up the peace commission, and by his cold and insulting references to the Senate.

It is difficult to believe that Wilson had changed basically from the earlier years. He was still headstrong, imperious, even arrogant at times. He was right in saying that the United States should enter the League without reservations, but it is doubtful whether his absolute refusal to accept the Lodge reservations, when it was

obvious that such acceptance was necessary, was either statesmanlike or wise. Similarly, his cross-country speaking tour in behalf of the treaty was unwise and, as it turned out, ill-fated because he overestimated his own persuasive powers and ended by losing his health.

VI

After Wilson suffered his paralytic stroke in the fall of 1919 the entire domestic political situation became chaotic. In the Senate the treaty floundered in a morass of partisanship and finally was rejected when the Democrats would not accept the Republican reservations. The nation, too, was floundering in a morass of strikes, and a fanatical Red-hunt was being conducted by Wilson's Attorney-General, A. Mitchell Palmer. Instead of an orderly reconversion under the guidance of a strong President, the nation simply drifted inevitably toward "boom and bust" while Wilson languished in the White House.

As late as January 8, 1920, Wilson insisted on making the League question the leading issue of the Presidential campaign of that year. The Democrats had no choice but to follow their leader, but the people were growing increasingly disillusioned of the war and especially of the peace. If, as Wilson said, the election was to be a "solemn mandate" on the League, the results were indeed decisive, for Harding, the Republican nominee, won in the greatest popular landslide in our history.

For Wilson everything was gone now, everything except his unshakable faith in the infallibility of his own position. He remained in Washington until his death in 1924, his body slowly dying but his mind keen and active. He grew increasingly bitter and the men who saw him came away with stories of his hatred of the French, who he thought had wrecked the peace conference, and of his mortal foes, Lodge, Borah and the rest. Shortly before his death he reiterated his prophecy that America would have to fight another war if she refused to guarantee the peace in Europe.

Militant liberals like Oswald Garrison Villard have never forgiven Wilson for allowing the United States to become involved in the war; they say that the war killed the progressive movement, and that Wilson was chiefly responsible. The story of Wil-

son's life is one of ironies and contradictions, and the greatest of these is that the progressive leader of 1913-1917 should have lived to preside over the funeral of progressivism from 1917 to 1921.

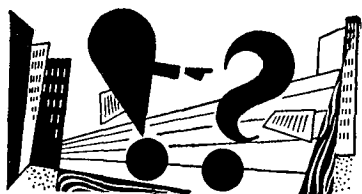
Americans had never before elected a scholar and teacher to the first office of the nation, and it is doubtful they will do so again, for the people never really loved Wilson as they loved Jackson, Lincoln or the Roosevelts. Yet the period from 1913 to 1921 is the Wilson Era, because Wilson succeeded for the most part in epitomizing the dominant thought of the time. And if he was cold and imperious at times, he was also steadfast in purpose and courageous in action and he possessed an integrity and dignity that few men have. There come times when the people admire idealism and nobility of purpose, and then they remember Wilson.

PHRASE ORIGINS—18

MEDICINE TURN: *When a fare-dealer pulls a nine-spot and a queen out of the dealer's box, the combination is called a medicine turn. This term apparently originated as a pun on the slightly distorted pronunciation of queen-nine: the gamblers said quinine. By this process, called "folk-etymology" by philologists, the language has acquired many expressions which are difficult to trace and explain without a knowledge of the exact circumstances of their formation.*

DAVID W. MAURER

THE SOAP BOX



Occasionally people get ideas that, for one reason or another, do not lend themselves to development into full-bodied articles. They may be little more than strange metaphors or they may be the sheerest fancies, or they may be so contrary to the accepted modes of thought as to make them appear "beautiful but wild." We have long wanted to find a home for these extraordinary children of the mind and have decided to devote an entire department to them. This department, "The Soap Box," will be a sort of journalistic Hyde Park, where all kinds of high and lofty and "irresponsible" notions will get a hearing. While no remuneration will be made for contributions to this department, we hope that our contributors will feel amply repaid by the remarkable freedom they will enjoy. On occasion we shall use the department to make editorial comments or announcements. — THE EDITORS

EDITORIAL NOTES

In this issue there is an excellent article on Illinois, by Albert Parry, an old and valued contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Indeed, Dr. Parry was pretty much discovered in our pages some twenty years ago. His article heralds the inauguration of a new series dealing with the states of the Federal Union. The purpose of the articles will be not to give dry statistical accounts of the various commonwealths but rather to present profiles of them, revealing what it means to live in them on various

levels — educational, literary, political, economic and spiritual. Another article in the series, on New York, will appear next month. Arrangements have also been made for articles on Wisconsin, Iowa, Connecticut, California and Pennsylvania. The rest of the field is wide open to enterprising writers.

~~~~~  
Soon we shall also begin a series of profiles of outstanding newspapers and magazines. Several are already in the works, and we invite suggestions from readers and writers. . . . Does any-

*body want to do the Police Gazette of the old days? Or the Dial? Or the Wall Street Journal? Or the Christian Science Monitor? The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the Baltimore Sun papers, the Boston Herald and Traveler, the Denver Post, the Los Angeles Examiner, the Nation, the New Republic, the Saturday Evening Post, Colliers? Surely not all reporters want to be philosophers. There must be some among them who want to be reporters, writers, instead of seers and prophets. All ladies and gentlemen of the news rooms, who have such noble old-fashioned aspirations, are urged to write us. All communications from them will be received cordially and answered promptly.*

*As our readers have noticed we have occasionally reprinted articles and stories from past issues that have stuck in the memory. We welcome suggestions from our readers for future reprints.*

*Tip to radio slaves: Are you yearning to get something off your chests? Are there some truths about your work that have not yet been told — that even The Hucksters missed — that you would like to get on paper? We trust we don't have to coax you further. Call, write or wire.*

*People sometimes ask editors why they don't print this or that. Why, in particular, they ask, don't they print more good old-fashioned essays. Well, THE AMERI-*

*CAN MERCURY would like nothing better than to print good old-fashioned essays. But so far we haven't had very much luck. We did print a charming one recently, "The Temper of Our Age," by L. Ruth Middlebrook, in the March 1947 issue. How about some more? There are no taboos. A charming essay is a charming essay — and we shall be delighted to buy it and pay for it on acceptance in American dollars.*

*There is considerable soul-searching going on among educators as to the value of college education to many of those now in college. We have tried to get a number of professors and college presidents to write us their thoughts in the form of readable, worthwhile articles. So far, no luck. We're still looking and hoping. . . . And if any students or instructors would like to send in profiles of their universities, they will be surprised at the hospitality with which their manuscripts will be read.*

## THE MESS IN THE LIBERAL WORLD

Everybody knows that the word liberal now has no meaning. Tom Girdler calls himself a liberal, Vito Marcantonio calls himself a liberal, and so do Senator Taft, Henry Wallace and Freda Kirchwey. Liberalism, to steal and spoil a phrase from Dr. Johnson, has become the refuge of scoundrels and confused folk. I submit that the blame for this mess can be put, to a large extent, at the doors of

the *Nation* and *New Republic*, who have been the spokesmen of liberalism, in the eyes of thousands, for many years. They have done more to muddy the waters of liberal thinking than almost any other publications. Instead of insisting on the sanctity of civil liberties everywhere, they have made exceptions in the case of Russia, Poland, Yugoslavia and other such totalitarian countries. They have prostituted their philosophies. They have violated the very principles upon which they were founded. They have become the dupes of frauds, gangsters and dictators. The future historian of liberalism in the United States will have some very sharp things to say about these two organs.

ALBERT O. P. THORNTON

*Staten Island, N. Y.*

## YOUTH AND REACTION

I'm getting sick and tired of talk about how much better the world would have been the past twenty years had young people run it. Well, who fell for Mussolini and Hitler and Stalin and Franco and Perón? "Old" people fought every one of them, went to jail for their opposition, and even died. It was youngsters who heiled Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin and who now form the backbone of Perón's dictatorship. The editors of *Vanguárdia* and *Economic Survey*, who still fight Perón and are beaten up by his terrorists and who will gladly pay heavier prices for their outspokenness

against Perón, are not young men. They are "old men," God bless them.

G. P. SMITH

*Los Angeles, Cal.*

## NEWSPAPER STYLE

Am I the only person in the country who is repelled by the horribly dull English in most newspapers, including the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Chicago Daily News* and the other important newspapers? I object especially to the so-called leads of their articles. Such leads are supposed to give the readers a notion of the substance of the whole piece. Actually, such leads are so long and so involved that they seldom make sense. How much longer will this nonsense go on?

REPORTER, NEW YORK *Times*

*New York City*

## VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE FOR BOSSSES

Bosses interview men and women before hiring them as employees. That is fine and just. But I think prospective employees should also find out whether their prospective employers are fit to be employers. Many of the latter are crackpots, emotionally unstable, psychopathic folk, who get pleasure out of using their prerogatives as employers to vent their idiocies and cruelties upon those who can't talk back. I once worked for a man who ran his business according to

some astrological signs and who used to fire people according to the same signs — regardless of the same people's competence. I suggest that every industry have a board — made up of employers, employees, physicians and representatives of the public — which would pass upon the competence of employers, upon complaint from employees in a shop or the public at large, and if it found any employers unfit would suggest to the courts that something be done about it. Of course, this is the merest and vaguest suggestion. I know the subject is very complex — but the complaint is of long standing. How about a Taft-Hartley bill on this subject?

MELDON PRENTISS, JR.

*Madison, Wis.*

## AMERICA AND RELIGION

In the early days of this country and for a hundred years later it was not unusual for a man in public office or occupying a high position in a semi-public industry or calling to be an atheist or a gadfly in the realm of religious thinking. Jefferson was pretty much a free-thinker and he ridiculed dogmatic religion of all sorts. Lincoln hardly ever went to church, and when people insisted he tell them what church he belonged to, he would point to the nearest patch of trees or he would crack some joke. And a president of Cornell, Andrew White, was a known deist, who wrote extensively on the subject of the conflict of science

and religion. He was not annoyed by objections from Catholics, Baptists, Episcopalians or any other sect. He was a good college president, and that was enough. . . . But can you imagine such a state of affairs now? Can you imagine a free-thinker being elected President of the United States? Can you imagine a Clarence Darrow being chosen president of any college or university in the country? The embattled priests and ministers would raise the welkin with their protests. Organized religion has far too much power in our midst.

OSMOND K. KUNZE

*St. Louis, Mo.*

## CONVERTS TO PROTESTANTISM

Every time Msgr. Sheen makes a new convert to Catholicism, especially if the convert has some prominence, the news is spread on the front pages, or not far distant from the front pages. But I am told that actually there are more converts to Protestantism from Catholicism. I hear from reliable sources that in the past two years 3000 Catholics in the East became Methodists — one of the converts being a former Catholic bishop. I should think the Protestant churches would do a service by releasing some of their figures. I think the spread of religion, in its theological, ecclesiastical and potentially political phases, is a matter of public concern.

THOMAS F. MONAHAN

*Seattle, Wash.*

## PM AND DAILY MAGAZINES

The failure of *PM*, from the strictly journalistic angle, amazes me. Its aim was to be a daily magazine, but it succeeded in being neither a newspaper nor a magazine. The combination is no impossibility at all. Indeed, one of the best newspapers in the country has been a daily magazine since 1908, the year of its founding. I refer to the *Christian Science Monitor*. And all the Yiddish papers are daily magazines. One of them, the *Jewish Daily Forward*, is a model paper. Oswald Garrison Villard and Henry Mencken have praised it many times, and with ample reason.

STANLEY P. GAUNT

*St. Petersburg, Fla.*

## TERM MARRIAGES

I am a bachelor, so the marriage situation and divorce disgrace do not affect me personally in the slightest. But I can claim impartiality, which married people can't, in the thinking on the subject. The trouble with most marriages is the presumption of permanence. Women take advantage of it by quickly becoming hags and nags; they know that they can hurt their husbands in business, should they so desire, and they know that a divorce, by and large, injures a man in his office. So they yip and scream and turn vulgar — and there is nothing more vulgar than a vulgar woman — and just become dreadful bores.

The cure is to put them on their good behavior by changing all marriage laws to provide that the marriage contract is good only for five or seven years, subject to renewal or renunciation at the end of that time. I honestly think that women would make better wives with this threat over their heads — especially since it would make divorce natural, not unusual and still somehow “wrong” as is the case now.

MEL BROOKS

*Boston, Mass.*

## POLYANDRY

Suggestion for Dr. Gallup: Question the women, young and old, on how they'd feel if polyandry were made legal. I think the ladies would love it. Speaking as a male, I wouldn't mind it at all. If the sweet little woman started yelling, I'd just leave and let her take it out on some one or all of her other dozen or so husbands. It would be wonderful.

BURGESS OSGOOD

*Bangor, Me.*

## JOURNALISM

Once a year the editors and publishers of America's newspapers meet and listen to long speeches in praise of themselves as paragons of journalistic courage, freedom and so forth. It's all pretty hollow stuff; there aren't many people quite so wordy and slippery as newspaper editors. What I want to know is this: how much longer



will these great courageous editors keep quiet about the religious pressure groups? Everybody knows that no paper in Boston, the most heavily Catholic-populated city in the world, will print a word in criticism of any of the activities of the Catholic Church or will openly fight for any measure the Church frowns upon — birth control, for instance; the great New York or Chicago or San Francisco papers will do no such thing either; they're all afraid of what the vast propaganda machine of the Catholic Church will do to them in the way of circulation and advertising.

The same papers will be similarly silent in discussions of matters pertaining to the Christian Science Church; this Church has only about half a million members, but its propaganda force is tremendous. And all American papers will be almost as careful in what they say about Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, though, in all truth, it must be said that these denominations can take criticism much better than Catholics and Christian Scientists.

Well, are the newspapers of the land always going to be so pusillanimous? What about devotion to truth and decency? What about journalistic courage? What about journalistic ethics? I know that asking such questions is considered boorish in newspaper circles. Only "unreasonable" and "irresponsible" men and women insist upon answers to these questions. Well, I still want answers. As a matter of fact, I'll be very much surprised if

you ever publish this little article.

ORSON D. B. METCALF

*Minneapolis, Minn.*

## IQ

Has any scientist ever given intelligence tests to the entire House of Representatives and Senate? If it hasn't been done, I think it should be. Perhaps they should be given the same tests that Goering, Hess and their friends were given at Nuremberg — and have their general mental make-up similarly examined. The people have a right to know the sort of dopes or intellectual giants who pass their laws.

P. U. M.

*San Francisco, Cal.*

## NOBEL PRIZES

Willa Cather did not get a Nobel Prize in Literature. Sinclair Lewis did. Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson did not get Nobel Prizes. They didn't even get Pulitzer Prizes. Mrs. Pearl Buck got both a Pulitzer Prize and Nobel Prize. I think Sinclair Lewis and Mrs. Buck should return their money to the Nobel Committee or they should pool the money they got to establish a foundation the purpose of which should be to make the works of Cather, Dreiser and Anderson better known among the American people. It's the least Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Buck could do to maintain their self-respect.

HARVARD PROFESSOR

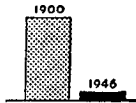
*Cambridge, Mass.*

# Childhood Diseases,



once considered unavoidable, now can usually be prevented by immunization.



In one generation the death rates from measles and whooping cough have dropped about 80%. Diphtheria mortality is down 95%  since 1900. Few now die from scarlet fever or smallpox.

But only constant vigilance  can hold these gains. Recently, when diphtheria immunization was neglected in

some parts of the country, cases and deaths in those sections began increasing. *It's up to you to help keep your children safe!*

### Have your children been immunized?

Since the first successful vaccination against smallpox in 1796, medical science has made tremendous progress toward a safer life for children. Among the more important steps in this progress have been the relatively recent development of methods to protect children against other dangerous communicable diseases through immunization.

Diphtheria immunization began to be used on a nationwide scale about 1921. Specific measures for the control of whooping cough have achieved wide use even more recently. As for measles, there are substances which, if used after exposure to this disease, may give temporary immunity or result in a lighter case. Furthermore, injections for diphtheria, tetanus (lockjaw), and whooping cough today are often combined.

Your doctor can tell you how to guard

your children's health by the latest means known to medical science, including immunization. You may also find helpful Metropolitan's free Child Health Packet 97-L . . . it includes informative leaflets on immunization, and on the most important communicable diseases of childhood. Write today to Metropolitan for your copies.

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**TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!**

# WHAT LIBERALISM MEANS TO ME

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

**L**IBERALISM is, to me, the noblest of all political philosophies and ways of life. The liberal spirit is the most compatible with natural law and the creative instincts of mankind. The foundations under it are the deepest and strongest of western civilization. Its ancestors are the noblest spirits, its lineage the proudest in the history of western man.

The greatest civilizations of the west have been its habitat. When Pericles uttered his great oration to Athens, the liberal spirit attended and applauded. When St. Paul declared that as a citizen of Rome he was *born* free, the liberal spirit was around him. When Jesus, speaking to a simple woman of Samaria at a well in Palestine, was greeted with wonder that he, a Jew, should ask drink of a woman of Samaria ("for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans") and answered, "Neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall men worship God, but those that worship Him shall worship Him in spirit and in truth," he laid another great stone under the philosophy of liberalism.

Shakespeare, a truly aristocratic spirit, when he called Brutus "the noblest Roman of them all," and cried, in his great sonnet, against "art made tongue-tied by authority," broke a lance for liberalism. Burke, in the British parliament, defending the rebellious American colonies; Mazzini, in resurgent and nationalist Italy, declaring, "I love my country because I love the *idea* of country, coveting nothing for Italy that I would not wish for all nations of men"; Beethoven, celebrating the defeat of tyranny with his great Ninth symphony; Kant, in Koenigsberg, writing his grandiose scheme for "Ewige Friede"; — how long would the list be, of the great souls who have provided the ancestry of liberalism? In what other ranks will you find so many of the poets and the artists? Where else will you find so many political philosophers whose reputations the passage of time has not eclipsed? Where else so many great novelists, except among those whose insight was intensified and amplified by the largeness and generosity of their natures?

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DOROTHY THOMPSON is the well-known author, foreign correspondent and columnist. She contributed "Poland Two Years After Yalta" to the May 1947 AMERICAN MERCURY; and her books include *The New Russia* and *Listen, Hans*. Her article in this issue is the first in a projected series on the essence of liberalism.

Liberalism, the hope of the poor, the protector and defender of the oppressed, has also been the philosophy of the strong and the noble, from Aristotle (judged in the framework of his times) to Jefferson and Lincoln. It is the political philosophy of the free, who would have all men free; of the strong who would have all men strong; of the reasonable, who appeal to reason; of the fearless, who have faith in man. It is the scorner of the cheap and meretricious, skeptical of all panaceas to be affected through some "temporary" pouring of mankind into the mold of servility; in all times and all places it affirms the existence of the soul and free will.

## II

Liberalism is that philosophy of politics which affirms that man was born in freedom, with the power to direct his own life in society, in affectionate collaboration with his fellows. It affirms the sovereignty of man over his own creations, such as the state, or any particular economic system; it avows that man is a creature endowed with *reason*, through which he can solve his personal and communal problems; and with a heart responsive to honor, charity and truth it denies *at all times* a materialistic or mechanistic interpretation of life and history, which conceives man to be servile to blind forces, economic or racial; it is the spirit of *those who are at liberty* — to go, to quest for, to study, to learn, to change. It exalts charity and its sister, tolerance; it is courteous toward dif-

ferences of opinion, knowing that "God fulfills Himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world." And at all times, and under all conditions, it is *humane*, for humanism, and the great humanistic tradition, are its ancestry.

The perfection of man — the release of his creativeness, his independence, his cooperativeness, his physical welfare — is, to the liberal, the goal of all human societies and all government. The liberal is in harmony with nature. He knows that man is body, mind and soul. Bread is essential, but half a loaf with lilies is better than no lilies. Man is good in a society which consistently appeals to his better instincts. Man is free when he is surrounded by love; man, individual man and societies of men, are the goal of all political endeavor.

This respect for man, for his dignity and worth, denies for the liberal any concept of man as exclusively bound by class or racial origin, or by any other restrictions on his fulness as a complete person. Never does he think of people as amorphous "masses"; never does he *use* the word "masses," for people to him are not a herd, and he opposes all systems which would reduce them to mere parts of a herd. Neither does he accept the "inevitability" of the "class struggle," or the inevitability of anything. He observes that it is not true in nature. Men being born unequal in gifts, a fact which no political philosophy can change, some will always be leaders, directors and organizers, and others

will prefer to be directed, for there is nothing more depressing than to be unequal to a task, unless it is to be equal to it, yet restrained from doing it by those who undertake it without capacity. The inequality of men *in nature* is recognized by the liberal. He would not destroy the strong in behalf of the weak, for that would be an atrocity against nature. He would, however, seek a society in which the weak can be strengthened, through education and opportunity, and the strong restrained from predatory invasions upon the weak, while encouraged in the instincts native to the truly strong, to protect and defend.

The liberal cannot regard man as an "economic animal" or a "racial animal," or as the product of forces over which he has no control. Nature and man are co-authors of forces. The liberal knows that neither all men nor most men hate all employers, or vice versa, for both are men; they are fathers, citizens, lovers, golf-players, drinkers, Catholics, Presbyterians, Democrats, Republicans, stamp collectors, gardeners, motorists and a thousand other things. They are not only workers or employers, and all men in any civilization are tied together or divided by multitudinous threads. The liberal would strengthen the ties that bind; remove the injustices that corrode and increase the opportunities that attract. He would recognize that freedom is only possible in an affectionate society, and never possible in a society implacably divided into warring groups.

For the object of a class war is not to establish freedom for all men but to bring some men to unconditional surrender and the end of all freedom. And the liberal knows that this process, so unnatural to man, can only be brought about by utter despair — by appeals to man's most bestial instincts, to envy, hatred and greed. He knows that it can be accomplished only when men are inflamed by such appeals, and take leave of their own independent manhood to join the herd. And once a man has become nothing but a part of the mass, ruled by almighty leaders, he cannot recover his independence. For the process which ground him into the mass requires that he be kept there, so that mass support can be brought to bear against a counter-revolution. Thus he must be kept under the eye of a "Committee of Public Safety," tied into economic servitude if not economic misery and deprived of free speech. Thus the end of a revolution of class war leads not to the creation of a classless society, but to the creation of a tyrannous society, and so it has always been with violent class wars, as long as history has records.

### III

Liberalism is unthinkable except with liberty, and liberty inconceivable without brotherly love. The very word "freedom" stems from an ancient Aryan, or Indo-European root, "pryo" (dear) or "pri," to love. Just as no one can ever find outside as much freedom (and security) as he has in his own

family, if it is a loving one, so a free society is an *affectionate* society, a *fellowship*, in which men are *dear* to one another, each protecting the other, not only in their welfare but in dignity and liberty. Whitman saw American democracy as a "great city of friends," probably without realizing that "friend" and "free" come from the same root. The German and Czech peasant to this day says of a young man courting a woman, "*Er freit fuer sie*," meaning that he in the sublime freedom of his choice would free her into a life of love!

The liberal may not be a philologist, but the instincts of his nature which attract him to liberalism lead him to recognize that a free life is, indeed, a life in love.

Even in his scorn of what he thinks to be grave error, even in fighting against the enemies of liberalism, he cannot, if he be a true liberal, overlook that these also, these his opponents, are men. He must try to overcome them with reason; to convert them by appeals to their better natures; to strengthen the forces opposing them; and, where necessary, wrest from their hands the power to destroy the natural unity of society. But character assassination, ruthlessness of method, "fighting fire with fire," throwing contempt upon them as human beings, is at odds with his *purpose*, which is to bind, not to divide, to dignify, not to demean, to reconcile, not to exterminate. The liberal is a humanist. The very word, used as an adjective, to describe education or the arts,

means that form of education and those arts which enlarge the human spirit — the "humanities."

Unfortunately, liberalism in the nineteenth century was widely associated with *laissez faire*. The theory behind it was that if all men were pursuing their own economic interests unhampered by any interference of law, everything would work out for the best in the best of all possible worlds, good would overcome evil, and the efficient and creative cancel out the inefficient and destructive. This concept of liberalism has gone on the rocks. Efficiency in one's own economic interests, it has been demonstrated, as often releases the predatory as the creative. It was always at odds with the fundamental spirit of humanism. A liberal economy ought, by definition, to be an economy aimed at *justice* in the contracts between its various factors, and at abundance.

The liberal, while believing that freedom and the widest possible field for creative energy are essential to an abundant life on all fronts, must be sensitive to injustice from whatever source it come, and ever zealous to protect the people from predatory, as contrasted with creative forces, wherever those predatory forces appear — whether among the owners of wealth, or the possessors of political power, or the wielders of labor monopolies.

The essence of justice, in economic life, is fair compensation to all the factors creatively contributing to production and distribution. Fairness, however, is not obtained where any



factor gets something for nothing. One genuine liberal, for instance, was Henry George, for he put his finger right on the feudal element in our economy when he denied the right to the private exploitation of land, and the private benefiting from social values accruing from other than economic effort. Coal, for instance, is a natural resource. No human effort created it. By nature, therefore, it belongs to the whole people. This need not mean that private persons or corporations may not undertake to bring it out of the ground, or enjoy a profit on their investments in machinery, equipment and organization. But the mines as such should be leased, and the rent paid be equal to the full value of the product before it is converted. There is simply no answer to that, for no disinterested mind can deny its justice.

But the injustices in our life are not by any means confined to predatory activities of private capitalists. Many a strike in this country is made, not to obtain justice, but to obtain power, even to force the employer and the public into complicity on behalf of this or that union against another one.

Our entire taxation system is riddled with injustice and is sapping the sources of creative energy and destroying family independence and security. It is precisely the creative economic activities which are penalized under the present system or combination of systems, while idle capital and properties and non-productive speculation are rewarded. The person who derives

his income from the sale of his services, exploiting the only just monopoly of a man, namely the brains he was endowed with and the skills he has acquired, is today doomed to dependency in his old age, by a taxation system that takes no account whatever of the depletion of his capital — although any life insurance company or Social Security administrator can estimate it actuarially. The frightful wastage of the national wealth by the extravagant and uneconomic expenditures of governments, and a system which only robs Peter to pay Paul while mounting a crushing debt on which interest is paid by all the people to only some of the people, is incompatible with reason or justice.

Yet though our “conservatives” never cease to promise the reduction of taxes, while their opponents cry for larger and larger government expenditures, as though peculiar virtue and wisdom inhere in governments spending the people’s wealth, not one bit of which government creates, neither side has been willing to make the intellectual and moral effort to go into the problem in a radical way, consciously to design a tax system to bear heaviest on the non-productive and lightest on the productive, and protect the independence of the people.

#### IV

Liberalism is not committed to any “line.” The liberal recognizes that life is ever-changing, ever-becoming, and that change is, indeed, a law of growth.

He also recognizes that what may be life- and growth-promoting in one age may be unfitted to another, as the needs of a society of one culture may be different from those of another. Knowing, as he does, the limitations of human capacity and knowledge, he rejects the idea of a standardized, uniform world. Nature itself rejects it. Even one *good* custom, if it is entrenched in the mold of habit and armed with absolute power, may close the gates to all further change and thus produce another social strait-jacket.

The liberal will always oppose absolute power, agreeing with Lord Acton about its corrupting influence. The liberal, in short, would rather put up with an obviously imperfect society than sell the whole mysterious unfolding future for a fixed blueprint of Utopia. His common sense tells him that there will never be any *perfect* world; he leaves that to heaven, and concentrates on improving, rather than redeeming this one.

It is no description of the liberal to call him a middle-of-the-road man. Liberalism is a *positive* philosophy — not something to stand, like Christ, between two thieves, between fascism and Communism. The great liberals have been great radicals. They have sought to lay their fingers on the roots of injustice, stagnation and tyranny, and to tear out those roots. But they also wish to water the flowers in the garden and not tear them out with the weeds.

Liberalism is not an easy, but a

most exacting political and social philosophy. It demands of its followers that they exercise reason and judgment regarding all programs, enquiring of every particular of each, whether they do indeed promote wider freedoms, greater justice and warmer fellowship, and out of these a more abundant life. Liberalism asks that its followers detach themselves as far as is humanly possible from their own interests, whether personal, parochial, economic or national, exercising a high quality of disinterestedness.

Liberalism asks not only: how does this or that program affect the welfare of the *majority*; it ever takes into account the wholeness, the all, which includes the minority. Liberalism knows, furthermore, that democracy is not merely a counting of noses; it demands that even overwhelming majorities give reasons for what they do, and knows that often it is a small minority who, in the course of history, prove to be right.

Liberalism never will resort to evil inhuman means to obtain an ultimate good. The liberal mind rejects any such possibility. Nature itself denies it. We are what we do. The ends are determined by the means. Thistles bear thistles and not figs; winds reap whirlwinds and not peace; dragon's teeth do not produce a crop of wheat and apples.

We now have neo-liberals who have deserted the foundations of liberalism. They idolize the state, whereas liberalism knows that the supreme state, as policeman, judge and employer all

in one, has always constituted the greatest potential threat to man and society. They worship "humanitarianism" without even understanding the meaning of *humane*. They are willing, for what they deem man's welfare, to deepen his dependence and insult his dignity. Liberalism does not believe man's welfare can be accomplished by perpetually doing him good, but rather by releasing his opportunities to stand on his own feet, as a free man among free men, in a just society. Poverty and destitution affront liberal feelings, because they impair the dignity of man, the decorum of his living, his status among other men and his manly capacity to protect his family. Poverty in the midst of plenty also challenges the

liberal intelligence for plainly it can be overcome, in societies where materials and labor are plentiful, by rational use and organization, in the spirit of honorable dealing and sensitive fellowship.

Liberalism is the philosophy of faith, hope and love, the eternal catalysts of social tensions. It is an optimistic, affirmative attitude toward life and society; the defender of man as a separate and precious person, in a harmonious society.

And only liberalism — when men turn again to it in trouble, rejecting the mechanistic philosophies of our times — will bring again a great age of personal dignity, comradely fellowship in life and work, and a peoples' peace.

## MASQUERADE

BY LILLIAN EVERTS

All night they talked of substance and of matter,  
till finally disgruntled, they agreed  
that each of them had heads to fool the Hatter;  
that each one owned a cast to fit the need.  
So on they talked: of here, of a hereafter,  
their thick-lipped voices thudding like a drum;  
with babble wrung of frank-despondent laughter  
compounded with the cigarettes and rum. . . .

A clock unlocked a sparrow from a steeple,  
as milkmen chased the ghost in midnight's shroud;  
and day revealed the fact that they were people  
with nothing but a mask to face the crowd.

# JEMIMA, THE BEAUTIFUL FRIEND

BY SIBYL WALKER

UNTIL Sister Aimee McPherson came along, nearly all religious prophets in the United States were men. There was William Miller of the Adventists, Joseph Smith and Brigham Young of the Latter-Day Saints, and a whole army of lesser lights including King Strang of the Beaver Island Mormons, John Alexander Dowie of the Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion and old Ben Parnell of the House of David. Mother Lee of the Shakers and Mrs. Eddy of Christian Science broke the masculine hold on the field, and so, too, did a forgotten female who was born Jemima Wilkinson.

Although Jemima Wilkinson's cult has long since disappeared, and though her New Jerusalem in New York state is no longer on the maps, she did not labor in vain. Americans of today will have no difficulty in tracing Jemima's style and influence down to their own time. She was born in Cumberland, Rhode Island, in 1752, the daughter of a prosperous farmer who was also a member of the Colony Council. Her mother, Amey Whipple before marriage, was a member of the So-

ciety of Friends, or Quakers, and died, worn out with child-bearing, when Jemima, the eighth of twelve children, was about ten years old.

Jemima was a clever, pretty child, and perhaps because of these qualities, she managed to avoid much of the hard work common to life on a farm. She was as bright as a dollar and seems to have captivated almost everybody, both as a girl and as a woman. She did not like school and attended only irregularly. All accounts relate that she was much given to reading "frivolous literature," which in that day included virtually everything except sermons bound as books.

The girl had a mystic turn of mind, and was given to serious moods during which she reflected on the origin and destiny of human beings. This mystery was at last resolved for her when she heard the great George Whitefield preach on his last tour of New England. She also attended meetings of the New Light Baptists, a schism just then making considerable noise in America. Whitefield and New Light, she said, made a new woman of her.

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SIBYL WALKER is a graduate of the University of Oregon and a student of history who has specialized in the field of Americana. An article by her on Lola Montez is scheduled for publication in an early issue of THE MERCURY.

Something certainly had come into her life. She presently fell into a coma of several days' duration and announced, on recovery, that she had died and been resurrected. Not only that, but her original soul had ascended to heaven and her body was now inhabited by what she termed "The Spirit of Life." This spirit, she said, came from God "to warn a lost and guilty, gossiping, dying world to flee from the wrath to come." Dr. Mann, the family physician, said bluntly and publicly that Jemima had not died nor been even near to death. But a physician has little chance against a prophet, and a prophet was now surely inhabiting the body of Miss Wilkinson.

Now that she had talked with the Lord, the girl was Jemima Wilkinson no longer; she was now the Public Universal Friend. Thereafter, in the manner of queens and prophets of all times, she referred to herself in the third person, simply as The Friend.

Naturally enough, The Friend began to preach The Word. Her first meetings were open-air affairs, held in the fields or groves of her native town. News spread rapidly and the gullible in other parts of Rhode Island came to hear — and see — and believe.

Seeing The Friend, rather than hearing her, would appear to have been important. She was extremely easy to look at. Rather tall, wonderfully graceful, she had raven hair of great luster, and dark hypnotic eyes. She knew how to dress a part, too.

She appeared in a long flowing robe of white material; and presently to this excellent showmanship, she added a spanking white horse which she rode to perfection.

The evidence indicates that she rode astride, the flowing white robes covering those portions of female anatomy which were not to be exposed in that era. She rode the horse out of her native Cumberland, and visited neighboring towns, even unto Providence where she was received with pleasure by Governor Stephen Hopkins. Another notable who received her was Joshua Babcock, a friend of George Washington and one of the incorporators of Brown University.

There are conflicting reports as to The Friend's preaching. Some listeners said her power "lay not in the substance of her exhortation" but in her magnetic personality, no little part of which was her good-looking face and figure. Her talks were little more than conventional calls to repent, well dosed with quotations from Holy Writ, which she seems to have mastered. Other listeners reported that she possessed real eloquence, that her voice had fire in it, and occasionally a warning quality of the Last Trump, when Gabriel should blow.

## II

The Friend immediately attracted some twenty or more devoted disciples who formed a band and followed her in procession wherever she rode on the great white horse. The Friend rode a little in advance, the

little band coming behind, two by two, keeping silence on the march, looking solemn, as a warning of the Last Days which were imminent.

After preaching with astounding success in Providence, where many of the city's most cultured people came to listen, The Friend and her entourage moved on to New Bedford, the whaling town, and here her success was just as great as on native grounds. Tough old sea captains came to hear, and wound up on the mourner's bench, wholly hypnotized by the wonderful dark eyes, the long raven hair and the white robes.

Although The Friend never claimed any divine powers, her disciples claimed them for her, and in the town of Somerset, near Taunton, a skeptic came forward to ask her followers if she could walk on the waters of the Taunton River. They said she could. The Friend remarked that "such faith cannot be strengthened by a miracle," and led the procession on and away into Connecticut, where she established churches at New Milford and East Greenwich. Returning to Rhode Island, she found at West Kingston a true believer and well-to-do angel in the person of Judge William Potter. The Judge heard her preach once, then forthwith built a special and sizable addition to his mansion solely for the accommodation of The Universal Friend. For the next six years she made her headquarters here.

In the past, The Friend had confined her preaching to such standard items as prophecy, revelation and

healing. Now, however, she added the idea of celibacy. Marriage, she said, was far inferior to the state of single blessedness. All family obligations should be subordinated to support of The Friend's sect.

Cold-blooded though they are quite erroneously said to be, few Yankees wanted any part of single blessedness. The popularity of The Friend quickly waned. The Quakers, who had at first encouraged her, withdrew their support. Jemima was no fool. She saw the drift, and in 1783 she announced that a vision of a divine sort had commanded her to go to Philadelphia.

The vision was distinctly in error. Philadelphia did not take to her at all. One of her meetings was stoned. Opposition appeared in the press. After two years of this, The Friend made her way back to New England, only to discover that the Yankees were now roused against her sect. Congregationalist and other parsons derided Jemima and her followers from pulpits. There were rumors about her rapacity in regard to contributions. There were rumors about her misuse of funds. Worst of all, the enraged husbands, whose wives at Jemima's instigation had denied them their conjugal rights, rose as one to abuse and libel The Friend. It was patently time for another revelation.

The new revelation commanded The Friend "to go into a new country and to a people of strange language." Jemima translated this to mean somewhere in Western New York, just then being opened up to settlement,

and where the Seneca Indians spoke a language that was certainly strange to Jemima. So, in 1788, twenty-five tried and trusty followers turned up near Seneca Lake in Genesee County to secure land and pioneer the way. A little later The Friend led two hundred and forty more of the faithful to the new heaven on earth, which was named New Jerusalem.

Jemima Wilkinson was a pretty shrewd businesswoman. She managed to purchase 15,000 acres for the colony, some 12,000 of which she retained in her own name; and she was trustee for the remaining acreage. She was also a good leader. She inspired both men and women to work like so many bees. The valley echoed with the crashing of timber. The air became hazy blue from the smoke of a thousand stumps burning. A sawmill started whining. Plows went into the soil. Corn and wheat were planted. Cabins went up, then houses. So did barns, and in the barns a great deal of livestock was soon being sheltered. A gristmill began grinding. A school opened.

Many whites had had trouble with the surrounding Senecas, but not Jemima's colony. With great tact and understanding of savage nature, Jemima lived on the friendliest of terms with the redmen, who called her Squaw Shinnewanagistawge, said to mean Great Woman Preacher. It is probable that her dealings with the natives were of considerable importance in the pacification of western New York.

Yet, as the first flush of pioneering enthusiasm wore away, and prosperity came to the Society of the Universal Friend, troubles began to shadow the colony. Perhaps The Friend herself was most to blame. She does seem to have displayed no little avarice. Although everything was supposed to be held in common, Jemima had a habit of saying "The Friend hath need of these things" — and of taking whatever she wished for herself. There were mutterings that she practiced outright chicanery. But she was more than equal to all attempts at revolt. Putting on her lovely white robes and turning loose all her eloquence, she fetched them up short every time.

### III

As time went on, and the colony prospered all too successfully, Jemima grew more dictatorial and, it would appear, more elegant. Her early teachings about simplicity were heard **no** more — at least not in relation to herself. She caused to be built as her headquarters, and for her sole use, what many a surprised traveler in that part of the backwoods, who came upon it suddenly rising from out of the timber, called nothing short of a mansion.

Her white robes were made of increasingly fine material. She had all her furniture marked U.F. She ordered a handsome carriage and had its doors labeled Universal Friend. Her official appearances became marked with a formality that approached pomp. The former little Quaker girl



had learned to like luxury and she showed it, living on the backwoods frontier like an Oriental queen.

About six years after New Jerusalem was founded, it had a notable visitor, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt. The Frenchman pretended, at least in his account of the visit, to be shocked that Jemima lived in a luxury such as was not to be found anywhere else in the region. He charged that she was filled with "duplicity and hypocrisy." Her house, he related, "resembled the boudoir of a fine lady, not that of a nun." Six handsome young girls were constantly in attendance on The Friend. She now dressed in white silks and her formal appearances, of which the Duke saw two, were conducted with superb showmanship.

Being a true Frenchman, the Duke had an eye for good-looking women, and he found The Friend to be "extremely well-made," with fine teeth, and beautiful eyes. She did not, said the observant Duke, look a day over 30, though she was 44 then.

Whether it is a Nauvoo, or a New Harmony, or an Oneida, it would seem almost a rule in religious colonies that sex will sooner or later rear its not unattractive head. So it was in New Jerusalem. In time, it appears, The Friend felt the need of an Elijah, and Elijah in this case took the form of one Squire Parker, who had been an early and enthusiastic convert, and had contributed considerable cash.

Suspicion seems to have crept into the breasts of certain female members

of the colony, and watchful eyes and keen ears were set to work. It was presently whispered that Elijah and The Friend were seen in what the gibberish of courts describes as *flagrante delicto*, but which The Friend's six handmaidens described as "blessing each other with repeated raptures."

The story got around. Doubtless it added to the growing dissatisfaction caused by The Friend's rapacity. Several men of the colony withdrew and sued for an accounting of New Jerusalem's funds. The Society had never been incorporated, and soon Jemima's trusteeship was being questioned by other disgruntled members. She held her own against all charges, but the litigation continued.

The community held together until The Friend passed on. She had become fat and ugly with dropsy. Her marvellous beauty deserted her swiftly, and she died in 1819 an embittered old woman. The remaining faithful kept her body for four days in the belief that a miracle would restore The Friend. When no miracle appeared, the body was walled into a part of the cellar of the headquarters house, and was later removed for secret burial. New Jerusalem died with Jemima. Her influence on the United States may not have been large, yet Americans of more recent years will have no difficulty in tracing The Friend's style, including her white robes and all-around showmanship, down to their own time, where, chiefly on the West Coast, some female prophets have been doing very well.

# POWER OF THE RADIO COMMENTATOR

BY GIRAUD CHESTER

**L**IKE the dramatic rise of radio itself, the emergence of the radio commentator in this country has been generally accepted but only meagerly evaluated. As the radio industry expanded from 30 stations in 1922 to 1520 by the first of this year, so the part-time radio editors blossomed forth into full-fledged news analysts with their own professional associations and mammoth followings. And as radio changed from a \$5 million business in 1927 into an industry with annual gross billings approaching the half-billion mark, so the \$40-a-week commentator of the early thirties has seen his income soar to \$400,000 a year.

Habituated as we now are to hearing opinions on the air, we tend to forget that in radio's \$5 million period a Wisconsin congressman-elect, in the midst of a speech charging capitalistic control of the radio, press and schools of America, had his microphone switched off, in apparent corroboration of his claim. We forget that a debate on evolution between William

Jennings Bryan and Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn was once barred from radio on the ground that such a program was too controversial. Atheists still find it necessary to obtain assistance from the Federal Communications Commission to get their opinions aired. Last fall, Don Hollenbeck, a well-known news broadcaster, began an early-morning news program which followed a singing commercial by saying, "The atrocity you have just heard is not a part of this program." By noon he was fired.

Advertiser domination of radio may have stilled comment concerning that domination, but it does not seem to have retarded the flood of opinionated rhetoric on other matters by men and women whom the advertisers and networks choose to put on the air. Llewellyn White, of the Commission on Freedom of the Press, estimates that the country now has more than 600 "commentators" who not only report the news, but claim to analyze its significance and occasionally to predict the future. Atlanta alone has

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**GIRAUD CHESTER**, assistant professor of speech at Cornell University, recently concluded a year's investigation of the radio commentators under a special research scholarship at the University of Wisconsin. His article in this issue is a general introduction to more detailed analyses of individual commentators, which will be published from time to time. An article dealing with the record and influence of H. V. Kaltenborn will appear next month.

19 of them, and there are 58 in the New York-New Jersey listening area. Mutual lists 16 commentators, ranging from Kate Smith to Fiorello La Guardia. NBC carries a staff of 48 broadcasters classified as commentators, correspondents and newscasters. CBS lists 19 New York and Washington news reporters and analysts, while ABC carries 20 network news commentators, including its Sunday-evening features, Drew Pearson and Walter Winchell. No accurate count of regional and local "commentators" seems to have been made as yet.

Nor does anyone know how well these men and women are doing their jobs. The 31 New York commentators who organized the exclusive Association of Radio News Analysts in 1942, under H. V. Kaltenborn's leadership, excluded a number of their colleagues, apparently because of doubts about their competence. No one, however, is prepared to vouch for the competence of ARNA's own members, for while the masses listen the commentators are unheard and unchecked by the few experts who could furnish criticism. As they see their audiences and incomes grow, they tend to develop "commentator's complexes," characterized by an increasing willingness to deal with subjects in which they are not expert, and to render opinions at the flip of a switch. This growing sense of power, as adulations of uncritical listeners descend upon them, is distinctly unhealthy. It is not long before they are ready to cry persecution when

their preferred position is questioned.

Radio has come to supersede the school, the church and the press as America's number one source of news and opinion. As Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld has pointed out, radio has made it possible for the molders of opinion to speak to the most suggestible people—the great masses distributed in family units—and to make their appeals directly, personally and repetitiously. Of all the facts that make radio a powerful social institution, probably the most imposing is the opening of the home to the purveyors of information and misinformation, opinions and prejudices.

## II

Not long ago, a network news commentator, a member of the Association of Radio News Analysts whose name is a household word, commented on a nation-wide broadcast:

In the General Motors strike, the company made an offer of 15½ cents while the workers demanded 19½ cents. The company raised its bid to 17½ cents but the strike continued. Government intervention finally gave the workers 18 cents an hour. That strike lasted four months and cost the average worker around 900 dollars. You can figure out for yourself whether union leadership in that strike was wise or unwise.

So persuasive was this piece of analysis that the commentator received enough requests for copies to warrant its mimeographed distribution.

A simple critical check reveals, however, that four of the statements in the comment were inaccurate from

beginning to end. General Motors offered 13½ cents, not 15½. The workers demanded a general wage increase of 30 per cent for everybody at all levels, rather than a simple 19½-cent raise. The strike was settled for 18½ cents, not 18. The "government intervention" consisted of a fact-finding board, which ruled that General Motors could pay a 19½-cent increase without a price increase. (The union offered to settle for this figure; General Motors refused.)

Paragraph one of ARNA's Code of Ethical Practice reads: "The Association expects and requires of the radio news analyst painstaking accuracy in his public statements. . . ."

By 1939, when networks were just beginning to build up their news staffs, a *Fortune* opinion survey established that radio was already the public's leading source of news interpretation. Indeed, according to *Fortune*, the radio commentators were more popular than the newspapers' editorial writers and columnists combined. Another public-opinion study, made during the war by the Bureau of Intelligence of the Office of Facts and Figures, revealed that Americans would be receptive to increased analysis of the news. The better-educated people showed a greater preference for interpretation.

Those who thought that listening to news and commentary would taper off at the close of the war have been surprised. A survey made by the Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting showed that 65 per cent of night-

time newscasters and commentators had higher ratings in December 1945 than a year previously. In January 1947 *Variety* published a breakdown of national network program logs for typical weekdays in 1944 and 1947. It showed that more radio commentaries were broadcast after the war: on January 13, 1944, the networks carried 225 minutes of news comments; on January 13, 1947, they carried 250 minutes.

That the public has confidence in the radio commentator is to be deduced from another opinion survey, made in March 1946 by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver. Only 18 per cent of those interviewed said that they thought the commentators gave unfair or biased opinions. However, when asked, "Who do you think mainly decides what opinions a news commentator expresses over the air — the commentator himself, the radio station, or the company that sponsors the program?" only 43 per cent said that the commentator himself did the deciding. (But 63 per cent thought that he should.) Seven per cent thought that the radio station decided what opinions were to be expressed over the air, while 27 per cent thought it was the sponsor of the program.

### III

It is easy enough to attribute the popularity of the commentators to the public's need for someone to unravel the mass of data on world events. But the fact of almost complete public

confidence in these men, whether justified or not, has an inherent danger.

Careful experiments have demonstrated that a fifteen-minute radio commentary can and does influence attitudes significantly. Professor John Dietrich of the University of Wisconsin set up controlled experiments to determine what effect, if any, a radio commentary has on the attitudes of listeners. He devised attitude scales to find out how certain college students felt about Soviet Russia. Then, after taking the attitude tests, the students listened to a transcribed commentary by an unidentified but accomplished speaker. After the commentary was heard the students' attitudes were measured again. Two weeks later, the attitude tests were administered once more.

Dietrich discovered that "a fifteen-minute radio speech, designed to influence attitudes, does influence attitudes significantly," and that two weeks after the commentary was delivered the shifts were still significant. He also discovered that those listeners who expressed a greater interest in the program were influenced more deeply. It is well to remember that radio audiences, by virtue of the fact that they are listening, have already expressed an interest in the commentary.

The popular American habit of respecting men who are introduced with words of high praise gives commentators considerable prestige with the public. H. V. Kaltenborn has been

billed in the press as the "world's best informed and most unbiassed commentator on European affairs"; and Fulton Lewis, Jr. has been described in paid advertisements as "America's foremost commentator on national affairs" and "the greatest reporter alive today."

What can happen when a skillful speaker makes use of the persuasive powers of radio is suggested by a famous Sunday-afternoon broadcast in 1938 when Father Coughlin, in opposing a piece of legislation, appealed to his listeners with the statement that "The immediacy of the danger insists that before tomorrow noon your telegram is in the hands of your senator." By the next day no fewer than 100,000 telegrams had piled up on senators' desks in Washington, and thousands were still pouring in when the time came for a vote. Even as early as 1932 John Brinckley, a patent medicine man with no political experience, no press or party support — nothing, in fact, but a radio station — induced almost a majority of Kansas voters to write in his name for governor. He had campaigned on the air for only three weeks.

Government officials are acting wisely when they take to the air to explain or defend their positions. But the commentators have the advantage over them in that, over a period of time and through a stereotyped approach, they can hammer home an idea with some permanent effect. Moreover, the radio commentators have the largest regular listening

audiences of any group of professional speakers in the country; they hold a preferred position in the channels of communication; they speak from the news centers of the world, or, as in the case of the mellifluous Gabriel Heatter, from Long Island in the summer and Palm Beach in the winter. They have resonant voices; they are masters of innuendo.

But do they merit the confidence they hold? Do they increase understanding? How well does their record of analysis stand up?

#### IV

These questions can be answered in two ways. First, by examining the technical qualifications of the commentators on the air, and second by analyzing their commentaries.

The hiring and firing of a network commentator is in many ways a matter of national concern. It is sometimes difficult to say how and by whom commentators are hired at present, but in general it appears that they are chosen by advertising agencies, sponsors or network managements, or by all three. Local and regional commentators are more often selected by the sponsors. The suggestion that the over-all political slant of the commentators is unfairly weighted on the conservative side is therefore not surprising. The president of the CIO union which sponsors Leland Stowe's weekly news analysis stated that it was the union's desire "to counteract the growing imbalance in the ratio of liberal and conservative com-

mentators on the air." Some radio executives claim that the public itself selects the commentators, because if the public did not listen they would lose their jobs. This answer overlooks the not unimportant problem of who decides which commentators will be available for selection by the public.

A recent study sought to learn something about the leading analysts by examining *Who's Who in America* and other published material, to unearth what they said about themselves. The study revealed that of 28 commentators on whom information was available, 26 had attended college, but only 15 had been graduated. Seven had gone on to graduate study. Twenty listed themselves as journalists with a variety of experience prior to their present employment: eight claimed to have been explorers and travelers, nine military servicemen and twelve foreign correspondents. Fourteen had been reporters, thirteen newspaper staff members, one a railroad worker, one a salesman and one a topographer.

We do not know very much more about most of the commentators. Most of the little we do know is what advertising agents think it would be good for us to know. But it does not seem unreasonable to suggest that the great networks be at least as careful in hiring commentators who will address millions of suggestible listeners on all sorts of topics as most universities are in hiring professors who address students on one subject.

We will not know whether the analysts merit the confidence the public gives them until a thorough study has been made of their commentaries. This is the only reliable method of determining whether their broadcast opinions through the years constituted intelligent appraisals of events in the light of the evidence available at the time. To ask that commentators be willing to match the record of their analyses and predictions against the record of history would not appear to be unfair.

Thorough study of scripts will reveal the premises from which the analyst argues, whether, for example, he rides a hobby-horse in his selection of news items, or whether he distorts data to suit his point of view. Inaccuracies in the handling of facts, lapses in logic and outright duplicity will come to light under such meticulous examination. Study of the scripts, alone, however, will not provide the complete answer. Successful commentators have learned to prepare scripts which upon cold examination seem faultless, temperate and fair, but which, through deft manipulation of inflection, innuendo and modulation, cast emphasis where no emphasis is called for, convert praise to blame, highlight one point and shadow another. Going over a script containing the words, "Bravo, Mrs. Roosevelt, bravo!" would scarcely lead the reader to expect that these words would strike some educated

listeners as extreme sarcasm when the commentator delivered them. To estimate the actual effect of a commentator's delivery, it is necessary to find a gauge to listener reaction. This can be done in part by studying the commentator's mail.

In a controversy with the Columbia Broadcasting System in 1943, the commentators won a hard-fought battle to protect their freedom to editorialize on the air. They now have the responsibility for showing that they have made good use of the freedom they preserved. They, the networks and the station managements should cooperate in making files of scripts and fan-mail available for inspection by responsible scholars in the social sciences. Fulton Lewis, Jr. has suggested in testimony before a Senate subcommittee that all newscasters should be required to file sworn statements, open to inspection, listing the organizations to which they belong and the amount and sources of their own and their families' income.

When we have this information, when we have probed the records and have matched commentators against one another and against history, we will be prepared to say whether the public has acted shrewdly in placing such complete confidence in these men, and whether radio commentators should continue to be given the power to express opinions on all subjects, before millions of listeners, for as much as a full hour every week.



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# DOWN TO EARTH,

by ALAN DEVOE

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## IS MAN AN ANIMAL?

IN THE mail addressed to this department of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, two kinds of letters come with particular frequency.

The first kind are letters from scientists who belong, not unconsciously, to the tradition of the late great Thomas Huxley. They express alarm or anger, depending on the temper of the writer, over the apparent treating of our human species as a special and peculiar species, somehow set apart from the other creatures treated here: mice, herons, leeches, rabbits, opossums, or whatever. Man, it is pointed out, is only a more ingenious chimpanzee, only a more intricate gorilla. There is no warrant, meeting the stern requirements of science, for supposing that he is other than an animal.

The letters of the second kind come chiefly from clergymen, though not always. These deplore, angrily or sadly, the recurrent insistence in these pages that there is a close link, in fact a brotherhood, between a man and a fox, or a man and an earthworm, or a

man and the bacterium stirring obscurely in the dark mold of the leaves. Man, these writers object, is no mere member of the animal community. He is no mere complicated and larger marmoset. He lives a kind of life uniquely his own. He possesses, as no other does, a thing called spirit and a thing called his immortal soul. He is the master of the beasts. He is the steward of the earth. He is the child of God.

There could hardly be better exemplified than by these two kinds of disturbed reaction, to the same text, the quality of the argument that again and again has set science and religion against one another, as in enemy camps, and that apparently still continues so to divide them.

Religion, since its beginning, has had a central concern: the protection of the truth of man's specialness and primacy of spirit, and the truth thereby implied of a more than material essence-of-being as the ground of the universe. Science has had, since its beginning, a primary concern: the cold-minded study of phenomena, and

the cold-minded consideration of what these phenomena may mean, in inquiry limited to the strictly and exactly verifiable. The followers of both religion and science have been anxious, naturally enough, to safeguard the legitimacy of their respective views.

Unhappily, it is in the nature of man so to esteem his own small glimpses of truth, and the idiom in which he has liked to represent them, that he easily comes to think them to be truth entirely and exclusively. At the suggestion of an idiom other than his, he is quick to bristle with hostility, as at an attack upon himself. With a tragic ease, he makes his mind a citadel of exclusivism. Then, convinced of the reality of the human will and spirit, he must brush contemptuously away any fact or theory which might seem to assail this cherished conviction. Or convinced, in the way of the scientist, that reality is to be apprehended only by examination with sight and touch and taste and smell and hearing, he delights to demolish any adducements that might make this approach seem inadequate and falsifying. And so, since that dawn-age day when men began to dispute about anything at all, they have been disputing about the nature of themselves . . . and have been ready and eager to take exception to any view which appeared, however mildly or even inferentially, to oppose their own.

Is man an animal?

Like all the great questions which

attend our life and death, it is surely a question rightly to be answered only with two answers. If we look at it with the simple candor of common sense, and with no false pride of particular opinion to mislead us, we must surely acknowledge that it is to be answered only with a paradox. It is to be answered only with the certain fact that Yes, man is an animal; and with the certain fact that Yes, man is demonstrably something altogether other and greater. Only a small mind, intent upon the establishment of its narrow conviction, will insist upon the Yes or the No. The argument has been going on for a great many years, by turns hot and learned. The time is at hand, surely, when we must come to the realization that the argument is a great foolishness.

## II

We are all born, in the manner of foxes, out of a womb. We all eat, as dragon-flies or raccoons do, flesh to sustain us. We all drop dung. We all turn, a little while after the death-rattle has sounded in our throats, into stinking mould. A comparative psychologist, studying attentively the behavior of apes and dogs and ourselves, cannot fail to remark that we are motivated and driven by the same internal agencies which move and drive these fellow-animals. An anatomist, dissecting us, cannot fail to see that we have in our foetal necks the gill-slits which establish our relationship with fishes, and that we retain all our lives a coccyx-structure which

makes it unmistakable that we are blood-brother to all the monkeys that howl in all the jungles.

Is man an animal? Of course he is. He is one of the great brood of lives spawned in this universe, along with trees and snakes and toads and cattle. His breath is their breath. His sexuality is their sexuality. The death of his body is the death of their bodies. There is nothing but the madness of a terrible estrangement to be found in the pretending that he is not of this company.

Very well. And is that all?

The clear answer of common sense is that of course it is not all.

Much though man shares with his brother beasts, there are enormous areas of his life which he shares with no animal that lives. We are born at the end of a long line of fishes and reptiles and birds and mammals; but each one of us, with the coming of what used to be called the age of reason, enters into a world of experience which none of these has ever known. There comes a time, to each of us, when our self is made able to be aware of its selfness. There comes a time when every man says "I am I," and looks out upon the world and sees it as otherness. No such light has ever glimmered in the mind of any gorilla. This is the light "that never was on land or sea" until we were hatched forth.

We are so close to the animals that, biologically speaking, there is hardly a line to separate us. And at the same time, in the terms of our awareness

and experience of life, we are so far separated from the animals that there is hardly a metaphor strong enough to suggest the absoluteness of the division. With the crossing of the threshold into realization of self, we cross into an experience that is not merely quantitatively different from the experience of our planetary fellow-creatures but different altogether in its essential quality.

Is there an animal that can feel or exercise compassion? A scientist will have a long and disappointing journey looking for it. Is there any non-human creature in the woods or the fields that practices the virtue of patience? Or of humility? Or of good temper? Or of chastity? Is there any beast which might perform an ignominious act of any sort, and which refrains? The questions answer themselves. It is the way of a beast to feel stirrings and behests in its deep unconscious, and to obey them. It is the way of a man to weigh his every activity upon the scales of his moral judgment. If the stirrings that are felt by every animal are not also felt by man, then is all our honest record of experience a self-delusion. But if our conviction that we have it open to us to obey these stirrings or to reject them — our conviction that a man is more than a will-less ingredient in the totality of nature — our certainty that there resides in us a kind of moral responsibility which never resided in any animal — if *that* is only an illusion, then so is also everything else that we can experience.

Is man an animal? The heated dispute, framed in the form of two alternatives, goes on and on. There are churchmen who would have it that, if we are an animal, all the dreams of the religious mind and heart are by that fact put under attack and threatened with invalidation. There are scientists who would have it that, if there is admitted into our reckonings anything so capricious and mysterious as the freedom of will, the whole structure of science is threatened. The controversy remains, as it has ever been, an illegitimate controversy. For the totality of truth is not to be caught in these neat, proud nets of Either-Or.

We are an animal; yes. We are something altogether outside the area of

animal possibility; yes. This universe is not so easily divisible into categories as the strenuous objectors to either of these truths would enjoy supposing. To continue, in this late year, the argument over whether we are an animal or an immortal spirit, is only to follow the old pattern of trying to take satisfaction from the vanquishment of an enemy in argument, and it is not to help at all in the enormous work of trying to know our destiny and rôle.

Are we an animal, in close bond with all the beasts of the field that perish as the grass? Of course we are. Are we a being peculiar and unique, with gifts of mind and spirit that mark us off from all else that lives? Certainly.

## DUALITY

BY SJANNA SOLUM

Strange how half the heart can break  
While, for the remainder's sake,  
Laughter bubbles to the lips;  
Casual conversation strips  
Consciousness of tragedy;  
Equipped with queer duality  
Of vision, eyes at once inspect  
Outer scenes, while intellect  
Descries a fresh gravestone of grief  
Within; yet — knowing no relief,  
Agony with speechless voice  
Bids the other half rejoice.

# THE BILLBOARD LOBBY

BY THOMAS C. DESMOND

I COULD tell the billboard lobby was at work. The letters that poured onto my desk were vitriolic, sarcastic and threatening.

"I suppose," read one communication, "that when a bunch of old hens get behind you softies in the Senate, you cannot and will not talk back to them because you are afraid to do so. Maybe if some of these old blisters who are after you to take billboards off the highways would stay off the roads, the highways would be more beautiful at that."

Another typical letter read: "Pass this billboard control bill and you'll never be re-elected."

One of the slyest, shrewdest pressure groups in the country was busy inciting thousands of the gullible; it aimed to preserve the ugly and often hazardous billboards which are blotching our roads.

Governors, legislators and commissioners have all been defeated by the billboard barons. When Herbert H. Lehman was governor of New York he publicly lashed out at the billboard lobby, stating: "The special interests of a single industry must give way before the unified sentiment of

the public." But the lobby was strong enough to beat his efforts to control roadside advertisements.

New York City's Park Commissioner Robert Moses, who is no lightweight in a public brawl, was decisively defeated by the billboard lobby when he fostered a constitutional amendment banning advertising signs at dangerous or scenic locations. When the battle had ended, Mr. Moses, who can hardly be called a left-winger, pleaded for a public drive that would "bring the reactionaries who control this business to their knees."

For the past sixteen years I have been fighting the billboard lobby in an effort to prevent the indiscriminate disfiguring of our roads. Year after year I have introduced bills which were killed in committee or smothered by votes on the floor. A \$150 million public-housing program I sponsored was blocked by the lobby until a billboard tax, which had been included in the bill to help finance construction, was removed. And a \$200 million postwar New York-Buffalo thruway measure was held up by the lobby until a clause barring billboards from the proposed road was deleted.

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The taunts of Ogden Nash, the more erudite pleadings of Dorothy Thompson, even the gibes of Li'l Abner, have been unavailing against the powerhouse lobby operated by the billboard industry. The Garden Clubs, Real Estate Associations, Automobile Associations and other civic groups have so far proved unable to prevent the billboard barons from plastering our roads with pleas to purchase aged-in-the-wood ale or tires that won't wear out.

Today the billboard industry, which had been paid \$500 million in the past ten years to herald the glories of its clients' products, is preparing a nationwide campaign of unprecedented size to litter our \$4 billion worth of post-war roads with bigger and more ornate signs that will hide more scenery and obstruct more intersections. The big surprise package of the industry is to be television on billboards; this will make it possible for a multitude of advertisements to appear on one sign.

## II

There are billboard lobbyists registered at some state capitols. But in every state the billboard interests are "in on the ground floor" at the capitol. In some states they hire prominent political bosses to handle their affairs. A key legislator may get a telephone call from his state party leader asking him to "Do me a personal favor, Joe; kill that billboard bill in your committee." In other states, a legislative leader may find

that his law practice is booming with cases given him by billboard concerns. In Pennsylvania, the billboard lobbyist is more subtle. He has no direct connection with the industry; instead he is an influential contact man for the petroleum interests.

The billboard propagandists set up dummy highway property organizations, bogus farm leagues, and spurious workers' groups. On a moment's notice, they can flood legislators with thousands of letters of protest from these groups.

A prominent oil concern playing catspaw for the billboard lobby, wrote to farmers, enclosing a list of members of the state legislature and thoughtfully adding a couple of stamps. "Write them," the company urged, "that you need all the cash you can get and that this is no time to take away money from your pockets. If these reformers have their way you may have to put pants on your farm animals."

Using a "front" technique similar to the Communists', the billboard lobby employs other groups to do its bidding. By using "threat and ruin" tactics with unions of carpenters, tin-smiths, electricians, painters and construction men, warning them that passage of control legislation will put members out of work, the lobby utilizes the pressure force of labor. Similarly, it has successfully lined up the brewers and oil companies on occasion.

When their efforts to secure the cooperation of the National Grange

and Farm Bureau failed, the American Highway Sign Association, one of the key organizations of the billboard lobby, started its own "farmer" organization to fight all roadside control bills. It also organized a Roadside Business and Property Conference to include tourist camps, hotels and gas stations. In Pennsylvania, when the industry was being hard hit by an organization of women called the "Pennsylvania Roadside," the lobby created a "Pennsylvania Roadside Improvement Committee" to confuse the public. In this case the courts banned the ruse.

The Highway Property Owners Association, a billboard "front," mailed 19,000 letters to farmers in five mid-Western states warning:

Certain city dwellers are trying to get laws passed to make all buildings and other structures within view of the highway conform to their ideas of scenic beauty. Our rights are going to be taken away from us. Help us defeat these bills.

Another group acting as a transmission belt for the billboard lobby wrote all advertisers who rent sign space: "Over the week-end you must contact your assemblyman and senator. If roads are impassable, phone: and have a telegram waiting for them on Monday."

The billboard lobby shrewdly puts many legislators in its debt by giving them free sign space during election time. To sell itself to the public, the industry donates space to charitable and civic causes. Ironically, the billboard concerns are most generous in

donating space to safety campaigns although, according to an official survey just completed in New York state, there are at least 1521 billboards whose location makes them traffic hazards.

The lobby is savage with legislators who oppose it. It subsidizes opposition to the lawmaker, fomenting political trouble in his home district, donates sign space to his opponents and sends agents into his district to spread rumors among his constituents. However, when a control bill seems to have a fair chance of passage, despite all the lobby's efforts, it dusts off its old "code of ethics." Members of the sign industry pledge to refrain from posting signs which may be objectionable to the public. They coyly pass hints to the proper state administrative official concerning the publicity he will get when he announces he has got the industry to agree to tear down offending signs. Women's organizations and civic groups are disarmed by this move and slacken their drive. The voluntary agreement gets a few headlines, and then as months pass by, is forgotten. The legislature has adjourned. The signs remain.

The Bucks County Association in Pennsylvania agreed to work with the outdoor advertising interests on a "voluntary clean-up." The Association had to report later that not a single objectionable sign was removed; that more, as a matter of fact, had gone up.

But some advances are being made



against the lobby. In Philadelphia a number of leading hotels have agreed to discontinue all outdoor signs after their present contracts have expired. A Blot-of-the-Month campaign, undertaken by various women's groups to announce the worst offending billboards, has hit the lobby in a tender spot. Periodic boycotts sponsored by irate civic groups, pledged not to buy products advertised on offending signposts, have caused some damage. But the lobby counters this attack by reselling the space vacated by a concern to the firm's strongest competitor. General Motors and the Socony Vacuum Oil Co. cooperated by removing their road signs, only to find the locations snapped up by rival firms.

### III

The billboard lobby is not a single organization but a network of tightly coordinated companies, trade organizations and key individual executives. The industry's overlords may use one group to spearhead their drive in a certain state and a completely different outfit in a neighboring state.

The chief publicist for the billboard lobby is the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, the industry's trade organization. Its public relations, publicity and legislative activities stretch from its Chicago headquarters in all directions across the nation, and are capable of influencing Chambers of Commerce, trade associations, veterans groups, YMCAs, religious and welfare associations, po-

litical parties, legislators, party bosses and highway commissioners. In New York state alone an ambitious program was drawn up which called for influencing editorial writers and using public forums, lunch clubs and various lecturers to further their interests. Radio programs, contests, motion pictures — all the high-powered flimflam of a skilled propaganda machine — are listed on a schedule of activities.

The OAAA, however, is overshadowed by a few companies whose executives are the real strategists of the industry and who in reality determine its policies. So tightly-knit is the industry and so mysterious is its intricate system of interlocking directorates and subsidiaries that not even the big advertising agencies and advertisers know much about it. One of the leading advertising trade journals recently commented: "Probably less is known about the medium [billboards] than about any other — even by advertisers and agencies which use it extensively."

A goliath corporation called the General Outdoor Advertising Company, is one of the bulwarks of the lobby. By itself it handles one fourth of the industry's national income. Organized in 1925, it has since gobbled up twenty-one concerns and today holds a tight grip on the industry's major markets in 28 states. In addition, it owns large blocks of stock in at least six other major billposting firms. At the head of the concern is Burnett W. Robbins, its aggressive \$75,000-a-year president.

Another powerful figure in this organization is Kerwin H. Fulton, founder and director of GOA, and also the head of Outdoor Advertising Inc., which calls itself a "research and promotion" outfit. OAI represents 65 per cent of the industry. GOA owns 70 per cent of the stock in this concern but magnanimously limits itself to a 30 per cent voting strength. Its activities are financed by a 5 per cent levy on its members' national billings, which gives it a multi-million dollar "war chest." Mr. Fulton was a welcome figure in certain Washington circles during the war, for as the director of the industry's war activities he could arrange for the display of recruiting and other patriotic advertisements on the nation's highways at a moment's notice. Actually the industry's war service consisted mainly in persuading national advertisers to foot the bills for the signposts. The billboard space contributed by the industry itself was relatively trivial.

Another of the industry's key magnates is white-haired George Kleiser, the powerful board chairman of Foster & Kleiser, which rates second among the nation's billboard concerns. Kleiser's firm, centered in San Francisco, is the biggest signposting outfit on the West Coast; it has had a great deal of experience in trying to block billboard control legislation.

The kingpins of the industry in New England are Edward C. Donnelly and his brother John, who operate the John Donnelly & Sons

Company of Boston. John is president of the recently formed Standard Outdoor Advertising Inc., which represents 27 concerns, including most of the leading ones, but excluding GOA and Mr. Kleiser's concern. This new corporation is also laying plans for extensive "research and promotion." Its members cover 1626 localities in the United States, and SOA describes itself modestly as a "closely coordinated network."

This intricate organization of lobbies and lobbyists operated by the industry works with special precision in the Southern and Western states, in New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Michigan and Massachusetts. The peculiar machinations of the billboard groups have aroused the interest, if not the admiration, of the Antitrust Division of the United States Department of Justice, which recently informed me that its Midwest Office is launching an official investigation.

#### IV

In New York state the industry refrains from registering any of its lobbyists under the state's lobbyist-registration law, because they do not attend public hearings or openly pursue their interests at the capitol; instead, most of them pull the strings from offices in New York City.

In Massachusetts, a timid billboard-control law has been on the statute books for years but the Department of Public Works has been less than zealous in its enforcement. Some time ago several civic groups demanded

revisions in the law. A committee of legislators was appointed to study the problem. Interestingly enough, they invited John Donnelly & Co. and other billboard concerns to testify at the public hearings, but "forgot," and for a time refused, to invite advocates of billboard control, until the matter threatened to blow up into a front-page story.

The testimony was far from dull. A selectman of North Reading, Massachusetts, disclosed that evidence sent by the town to the Public Works Department had been mysteriously "lost" by the officials. The Massachusetts Civic League also stated that 84 photographs which had been taken of illegal billboards had also been "lost" by the Department. An official of Brookline, Massachusetts, declared that when the locality ruled billboards out of the community, the Department overruled the ordinance. One town official complained that his community had to wait four years before receiving an answer to a letter of complaint it had sent the state enforcement agency.

After mulling over the testimony of the civic groups and the counterclaims of the billboard lobby, the law-makers commended the industry as a "high-minded group" and asserted that the "necessity for reaching people outdoors is unquestionable." To assuage the feelings of the civic organizations, it proposed that a new agency with the impressive title of Billboard Authority be set up to enforce the law. The legislature hastily

complied. Mr. Donnelly reported to his colleagues that there was no need to worry. He was right. The enforcement job in the Authority was turned over to the same man who had handled it in the Public Works Department.

Housewives in Pennsylvania have borne the brunt of the battle in that state, and by carrying on a year-round program of publicity, exposure, pressure and boycotts, they have succeeded in holding the signpost men within reasonable limits. However, the billboard lobby has fared worst in Vermont, whose canny farmers have proved less gullible than their Massachusetts and New York neighbors. A pitchfork brigade, with the Grange and Farm Bureau in the forefront, succeeded in tearing down most of the ugly signboards. There are only about 300 big billboards left in the entire state.

This year the billboard magnates expect advertisers to pour an all-time record sum of \$100 million into their coffers, and while no one knows for certain how much of this revenue will be spent for lobbying, the sum is unquestionably more than adequate to meet their needs.

What most women's clubs and civic groups seek is not the elimination of the industry, but regulations which would require the signpost concerns to erect their billboards only at locations where they are not hazards and where they will not hide scenic views.

In New York state we want to ban

them from the new \$200 million New York-to-Buffalo thruway. We want to require that billboards be placed at least 500 feet from state parks and at least 150 feet from highway intersections. Finally, we want to outlaw signs in series, which keep the motorist's eyes off the road for several seconds, and are responsible for many accidents.

An Air Force Colonel wrote to me from Germany that when his men commented on the beauty of the German countryside, he told them that "the only difference is in the absence of billboards." And he added: "Any movement to regulate them in

America is going to have my support — and I mean financial support, too." Dozens of veterans, of all ranks, have written to me in a similar vein.

But at its recent annual convention, the billboard industry was gleefully told that in the next three to five years it would be able to sell more signposts than it had in the past twenty years. The billboard concerns are prepared for the biggest boom in their history. This means that our roads will be cluttered as never before with dangerous, scenery-destroying billboards — unless our citizens decide to do something about the billboard lobby.

## SUMMER

*BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO*

Summer that enters like a girl, unsure,  
Slim as a willow, shy as April rain,  
Becomes before the moon is new again,  
A golden goddess, certain of her lure.  
And everywhere she steps, her magic breaks:  
Grasses and flowers spring beneath her feet,  
The full-leaved boughs dip low to brush her cheek,  
The world sleeps as she sleeps, wakes when she wakes.

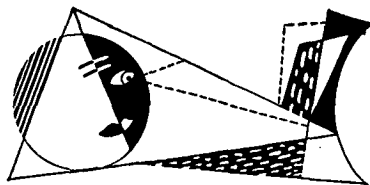
But even as her spell grows, it is done,  
And suddenly when days wing to a close,  
She is a bent old woman, full of sun,  
Content to dream her days away, or doze,  
Uncaring of the trembling of the leaves  
When the first unbridled wind blows by the eaves —

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## THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by *BERGEN EVANS*

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*That Dr. Guillotine, the inventor of the guillotine, perished on his own contrivance*

Someone should write a book or an article some day on the bogies concerning the French revolution that are still inculcated into the popular mind. The savagery of its killings is a by-word. Every schoolchild is taught to shudder at "The Terror." Yet how many of these same children ever hear about the far more sanguinary suppression of the Paris Commune in 1870?

Nothing is more commonly associated with the Revolution than the guillotine; it has become the symbol of bloodlust, the insignia of vengeful anarchy. And the assumed death of its assumed inventor under its bloody blade is plainly regarded as a sign of Divine disapproval of equalitarian debauches. "Was not good Dr. Guillotine executed by his own neat invention?" Thackeray sternly asks. And more recently Senator Connally warned those members of the Senate who wanted to impose cloture (to pre-

vent Senators Bilbo and McKellar from filibustering against a poll tax amendment) that "Dr. Guillotine, who invented the guillotine, was himself guillotined by the guillotine" (*Time*, May 22, 1944, p. 19).

Dr. Guillotine did not invent the guillotine. The Scotch, those orderly folk, had been using it for centuries under the affectionate name of "the maiden." The Regent Morton was executed in Edinburgh by such a machine in 1581. A German woodcut of 1539, reproduced in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, shows St. Matthew being guillotined, a representation that probably has little bearing on the manner of the saint's demise but has a great deal of bearing on the date of the guillotine.

Dr. Guillotine merely urged the adoption of the device upon the Constituent Assembly—on the quaint grounds (among others) that the aristocracy was not entitled to the exclusive privilege of being beheaded. He apparently waived any personal claims in the matter because he died a natural death in 1814.

*That allowing children to walk too early makes them bow-legged*

This is about the last remnant of the medieval belief that a baby should be tightly swathed to prevent it from injuring itself by moving its limbs.

If the child wants to walk, it is not likely to be too early for it to try. Forcing it to walk by holding it up is, of course, a different matter.

Bow legs are due to a deficiency of calcium in the bones and hence are more a problem of nutrition than of posture.

*The power of numbers*

On January 11, 1947, the Reverend Mr. Earnest Wright of Columbus, Ohio, informed the police that he wished to report "a little matter." He had just battered his aged mother to death with a piece of stove iron. "Her number — 709," he explained, "had come up" and therefore no other course was left open to him, for his life was "based on a series of numbers."

Mr. Wright will probably be assigned a number in an institution for the criminally insane but he may perhaps gain his liberty by pleading that such detention constitutes a cruel and unusual punishment and so violates his constitutional rights. For why should he be singled out from the hundreds of thousands of Americans who base their lives "on a series of numbers" merely because his series dictated an unfilial, and no doubt un-

pleasant, act? The irrationality of so basing a life — and that and not any particular manifestation of it must surely be the basis for adjudging him insane — is common to all who believe in the magic of numbers. And their name is legion.

We learn from Mr. Morgenthau's diary that when the dollar price of gold was being forced up in 1933 the daily figure, set by the president, in conference with Mr. Morgenthau and Mr. Jesse Jones, was arbitrarily established, and that on one occasion the price was boosted 21¢ — because "it's a lucky number — it's three times seven."

Thus are swayed the destinies of nations and aged mothers.

*That freezing sterilizes*

Freezing inhibits the growth of micro-organisms but it does not kill them, as boiling does. When the frozen food is warmed up the organisms revive and multiply. Many persons have been poisoned by eating ice-cream which has melted and then been refrozen.

*That diseases of the chest are always accompanied by optimism in the patient*

Anyone who has spent even a short time in a tuberculosis sanatorium will know how wrong this belief is. Many doctors believe that on the whole diseases of the abdomen are more distressing to the patient than diseases of the chest. But it is possible

to be in severe pain and yet to be quite cheerful if the pain — as after a major but successful operation — is not thought to forebode future misery and helplessness. Whereas serious diseases of the chest, however free from pain they may be, almost always threaten worse things to come.

### *Swan song of the swan song*

One would have thought that the swan song, that eerie dirge with which the erstwhile silent swan was thought to herald his own demise, had been as completely relegated to fiction as Rumpelstiltskin or Special Creation. But such a thought would have been premature and presumptuous, for Mr. W. A. S. Douglas of the *Chicago Sun*, no later than February 20, 1946, presented his readers with an ear-and-eye-witness account of the phenomenon, the only one thus far ever recorded.

It seems that one Frank Greenfield, "a game warden of Nanaimo, British Columbia," who inhabits "a vast spread of wasteland" in those parts, had been hearing things. It was like a dirge, only sweeter, he said, with a sort of whistling sound in it. So he set out for Ruggles Swamp, twenty miles away ("Sounds carry far on frozen wasteland") and came at last, "sure enough," on "the strangest and saddest sight of his long life," a whole *chorus* of dying swans. Frank was pretty familiar with the music of individual dying swans; he'd heard *that* lots of times. But this was dif-

ferent. Around the edge of the lake "sat the feathered skeletons of a dozen swans" (O celestial taxidermy!), while moving around them, already in harmonious dissolution, were "other circles of dying swans — singing, and singing what sounded as merry music."

"There was nothing," comments Mr. Douglas soberly, "the warden could do."

### *That the mole is blind*

That moles have eyes in their heads is, as Sir Thomas Browne said, "manifest unto any that wants them not in his own." Yet the belief persists. Perhaps here, again, authors are to blame. To Shakespeare it is always "the blind mole."

The mole's eyes are small and seem to be weak. Buffon says that "in recompence" Nature has supplied it with "an ample portion of the sixth sense" and to cheer its otherwise drab existence has "profusely furnished it with generic organs and the relative sensations."

### *That the exception proves the rule*

Nothing is more exasperating than to have a valid objection brushed aside with the airy assurance that "the exception proves the rule." It is an idiotic assertion that that which demonstrates a proposition to be questionable thereby demonstrates it to be unquestionable.



Mayhem is the proper rejoinder but those who through pity or prudence are restrained from violence may undertake the herculean task of educating their opponents by instructing them in the true meaning of the phrase. "Prove" here means "test" — as we say a *proven*, that is a *tested* friend or recipe; it does not mean, as it is so often and stupidly used to mean, to support or demonstrate beyond cavil.

An exception subjects a general proposition to a test: the exception must be shown to be merely a seeming exception or the proposition, or rule, must be modified or rejected.

*That you "should" weigh a certain amount*

Many public weighing machines recognize the superstitious veneration which their patrons attach to them by serving as oracles as well as scales and ejecting a printed "fortune" or character analysis while recording the devotee's weight.

Few of the more skeptical who use them are aware, however, that the list of heights and corresponding weights printed on them are almost as much a matter of conjecture. A person's "proper" weight depends on his bone structure, his musculature and his heredity. The gross Man Mountain Dean and the gaunt King of Sweden are much of a height, and both seem in good health. But according to the tables one of them ought to be seriously ill.

A very wise doctor used to tell nervous patients that their proper weight was whatever they weighed when they felt well.

*That it is twice as hard to get rid of a summer cold as of a winter cold*

There is no evidence to support this widespread belief. A cold is a virus infection and runs its course without consulting the calendar. In summer the sufferer is more likely to lack the company that misery loves and hence to feel especially sorry for himself. With others enjoying themselves out of doors, he is made unusually conscious of his sickness. And in summer there is more likely to be the complication of an allergy.

*That tuberculosis is invariably distinguished by a cough*

The association in the popular mind of a cough with tuberculosis can be dangerous. There are many other forms of tuberculosis than pulmonary; indeed, there are authorities who maintain that pulmonary tuberculosis is always secondary. And even pulmonary tuberculosis is not invariably accompanied by a cough and expectoration.

Many cases of tuberculosis have advanced to a tragically serious stage because the sufferer, confident that since he did not cough he could not have tuberculosis, failed to seek treatment in time.

# SALVAGING DAMAGED LIVES

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

THERE are nearly twenty-five million Americans who are physically or mentally impaired: men, women and children, many of whose lives are marked by suffering and fear, and who are almost totally unproductive. These are not the casualties of war: by comparison, the one and three-quarter million disabled veterans of World War II can be considered fortunate: they receive pensions and other compensation as well as expert medical treatment; more important, every effort is made to rehabilitate them, to fit them back into active life. Not so the civilian handicapped, who are allowed to drift along without the benefit of an over-all program for their care. Though the United States supports many philanthropies for the disabled, our approach is at best piecemeal, with resultant heavy losses to the nation in human wealth and happiness.

Consider some figures: we have 700,000 tuberculous civilians, 4 million cardiacs, 230,000 blind, at least 1.5 million who are mentally afflicted; and more than two and a half million

crippled. Many of these are living as invalids, requiring care and support, despite the great progress made by the medical and allied professions in finding new ways to rehabilitate the handicapped. What is needed is a more adequate appreciation of the problem: the huge number of persons involved, the misery they suffer, and the drain imposed on our resources by our present uncoordinated attempts to care for them. Humanitarian considerations apart, a concerted drive to apply modern knowledge to the problem of the handicapped would be sound economics.

## II

Let us see what we have done to meet the problems of the major handicaps. We have spent hundreds of millions of dollars to build sanatoria for tuberculars, and many millions more each year to maintain these institutions. On the whole, these hospitals have done a good job, greatly improving the health of many patients who should then have found places as productive citizens in the nation.

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But we have not developed the machinery necessary to supervise recovered tuberculous patients and to re-train them to do work within their physical capacity. The result is that many ex-patients break down, become chronic invalids and a source of possible infection to their families and to the whole community.

How tuberculars can be rehabilitated has been known for many years. In Europe, special communities have been set up for them and their families, with industrial and commercial activities especially geared to their abilities. England has employed this method of rehabilitating the tuberculous at Papworth Village. In our own country, the Altro Workshops in New York City have furnished a brilliant example of a successful venture, operating since 1915 a garment factory manned by ex-patients. The Altro Workshops have shown how readily employees can be kept under medical supervision and at the same time prepared to be self-supporting. The vast majority have been able, after a time, to leave the Workshops to go into industry.

Similar rehabilitation projects could assist the many thousands of present and future graduates of our tuberculosis sanatoria who are employable but who are kept out of employment or are forced to accept unsuitable jobs which threaten their health and the welfare of their families.

What about the cardiacs? We know that sufferers from heart and circulatory diseases constitute one of our

largest disabled groups. It is true that most of these are older people, but a significant number, with heart disease and allied disorders due to high blood pressure or arteriosclerosis, are in the productive ages, and some, whose heart trouble arises from rheumatic fever, are even quite young. Altogether, persons under 60 with heart disease of known types probably number well over one million. A large proportion of them need medical supervision. Others, who are afraid to take regular employment, could do so after rehabilitation care.

A recent survey of a group of cardiacs indicated that about 80 per cent were employable. What facilities are available for such rehabilitation work? Some of the all too few institutions for the care of cardiac children attempt to give vocational guidance and advice to those with permanently crippled hearts. They might also give some occupational training if they had enough money to do so. A few communities have established projects for vocational guidance of adult cardiacs who have found it impossible to stay at their jobs, but adequate facilities are certainly not available. It is interesting to note that the Altro Workshops are preparing to extend their services to cardiacs.

Of our blind population, which numbers about 230,000, some 100,000 are in productive ages. Only a small proportion are born blind, more than 90 per cent of the cases being the result of disease or accident. The large majority of the blind find difficulty in

getting employment. In ordinary times only about one fifth of the men and a negligible proportion of the women are employed, and their earnings are meager.

Public and private agencies established for the welfare of the blind have been generously supported. Generally, however, the needs of the blind, including useful employment, are not met. In demonstrating what a total program can accomplish, the Pioneer Lighthouse of the New York Association for the Blind has made a distinctive contribution. Its program ranges from a nursery school for children of pre-school age through rehabilitation for the elderly blind. Included are such varied activities as training for industrial, business and clerical occupations, general vocational guidance, job placement, social service and recreation. Training is offered in Braille, typing, household duties and various handicrafts. The Association itself employs more than two hundred blind workers and assists hundreds to find satisfactory employment elsewhere. Of the four thousand blind persons whom it serves each year, about 25 per cent find employment; of those between 21 and 60, no less than 42 per cent turn out to be employable.

### III

The mentally ill and defective constitute a problem of great magnitude. From one fourth to one third of the rejections by Selective Service and nearly one half of the disabil-

ity discharges from the Army and Navy were attributable to mental causes.

Mental disease and deficiency impose a heavy burden on the community, accounting for more than a half million hospitalized cases, 98 per cent of them in public institutions. State mental hospitals require full-time staffs of more than 60,000 physicians, nurses, attendants and other employees, and their cost runs well in excess of \$138 million a year. An additional \$35 million a year is spent for the more than 113,000 patients in hospitals for mental defectives and epileptics. Even so, mental hospitals throughout the country are overcrowded, and in many states the provisions for institutional care are wholly inadequate.

It must be remembered, too, many mentally ill persons are not hospitalized. Some with mild disorders are treated by private physicians and in out-patient clinics. Many who live in rural areas receive virtually no skilled medical care whatever. Nor do the figures include those large numbers of ill-adjusted persons who somehow manage to get on but who would benefit greatly by competent psychiatric guidance.

We have done little to restore to social and economic independence the thousands of men and women discharged each year from our mental hospitals, and to treat the even greater number of maladjusted people who do not require institutional care. Individual physicians in private prac-

tice, in hospitals and in industry do what they can in the way of vocational guidance. Some help is provided by psychiatric and mental hygiene clinics. The National Committee on Mental Hygiene is promoting greater efforts along these lines, but its facilities and personnel, even for this limited phase of rehabilitation, are most inadequate.

Another large number of our handicapped are cripples, those with missing limbs or with parts of the body so affected by disease, injury or congenital defects that their normal use is limited in some degree. Two thirds of the more than two and a half million persons with defects of this kind are between 15 and 65. About 350,000 cripples may be considered totally incapacitated, most of them males of working age. This reflects, of course, the larger rôle which accidents assume among men and boys as a result of their greater exposure to risk and their greater readiness to take chances in play.

The rehabilitation of those with crippling defects has long received attention from official and voluntary agencies, but the scale and quality of these activities do not match up with the needs. An outstanding example of an effective program in this field is that carried on by the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York, which was founded during the First World War to help in the rehabilitation of returning disabled soldiers. Although the Institute is primarily interested in those with orthopedic

disabilities, it has extended its services to cardiacs, the ex-tuberculous, the hard of hearing and deaf mutes. The Institute covers the medical, social and vocational needs of its clients. It has its own artificial limb shop, run largely by handicapped persons. It provides instruction in several skilled trades, in clerical work, and in simple tasks like elevator operating, which can be safely handled by persons with an orthopedic defect. It operates a sheltered workshop where gainful work is available to those who cannot be placed in commercial industry. The Institute even takes severely crippled people, teaching them how to get about with freedom while they learn an appropriate occupation, and it tries to place all of its trainees in suitable jobs.

#### IV

Rather extensive programs for various types of handicapped persons are being administered by a number of government agencies, largely on the basis of a joint Federal-state arrangement under the Social Security Act. About seven million dollars is spent annually on a program to aid crippled children. This program includes the locating of crippled children and the provision of medical, surgical, corrective, after-care and other services. Children suffering from conditions which lead to crippling as well as actual cripples are covered by this plan. Public assistance for the blind is on an even more generous scale. Expenditures under the Federal-state pro-

gram now amount to twenty million dollars a year. More recently, legislation has been passed to set up a program in the mental hygiene field with joint Federal and state support.

Government activity in the field of vocational rehabilitation of disabled civilians has a long history. The acute need for manpower in World War II led to the expansion of the joint Federal-state program administered by the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, which is now a part of the Federal Security Agency. Federal and state appropriations for the fiscal year 1946 amounted to over \$14.5 million, an increase of more than 40 per cent over the previous year. In 1946, more than 43,000 men and women, three fourths of whom had been unemployed, were rehabilitated under this program and obtained employment. But much remains to be done: figures issued by the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation show that at least 1.5 million handicapped men and women in the United States can benefit from vocational rehabilitation services; each year 250,000 persons are added to the number requiring such assistance. The Office of Vocational Rehabilitation is now urging the states to increase their efforts and facilities so that at least 500,000 handicapped civilians can be started on the way toward useful employment in the next two years.

Voluntary welfare agencies have always played a major rôle in providing services for the handicapped. For example, those suffering disabilities

from infantile paralysis have benefited greatly from the outpouring of voluntary contributions in support of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Of the Christmas seal funds raised annually by the tuberculosis societies, some, but too little, have gone for the rehabilitation of victims of that disease. Work for the blind has long been generously supported, and a good part of the large funds raised by community chests have been devoted to care and rehabilitation of the disabled.

Prior to the recent war, industry did little in rehabilitating the handicapped, except that employers generally cared for persons who were disabled while on the job. There were, of course, some exceptions, the most outstanding being the Ford Motor Company's practice of accepting limited numbers with various types of handicaps, placing them in suitable jobs after such training as was necessary. At the River Rouge plant one in every ten employees has a handicap of some type, ranging from lost or crippled limbs to loss of sight and hearing. All these men receive the regular scale of wages for their jobs. A number of other companies, it should be added, now have similar plans. Insurance companies in the workmen's compensation field have also contributed in recent years by developing conservation services to help the handicapped.

As the labor supply fell behind demands for war production, employers gave more and more attention to the possibilities of employing the

handicapped. At one of the Chicago plants of the Bendix Aviation Corporation, the personnel director believed that inexperienced women, with proper training, could perform most of the operations involved if production methods were carefully worked out. The medical director was convinced that the plant could use people who had been turned down elsewhere because of physical disability. Working together, the two men built up a force of handicapped persons that actually beat the production rate which had been expected.

In every case where well-considered and well-planned schemes for using the services of the handicapped were developed, the results were outstanding. Careful studies have demonstrated that the work records of properly placed handicapped workers compare favorably with those of the able-bodied. An inquiry by the United States Office of Education, addressed to more than a hundred employers, most of them engaged in manufacturing war materials, showed that of 97 employers who reported on absenteeism, 53 found it to be less for the handicapped than for able-bodied workers, and only 5 found it to be more; of 76 employers who reported on labor turnover, over 63 found the rate lower and only 1 higher among the handicapped; of 87 employers who reported on the accident rate, 49 found it to be lower and only 2 found it to be higher among the handicapped; and of 105 employers who reported on productivity, 25 found it

to be higher and only 11 found it to be lower among the handicapped.

The general pattern of an adequate rehabilitation program already exists in the one being set up for veterans. Disabled veterans of World War II receive liberal monthly allowances as long as disability continues, complete hospital care, together with outpatient medical treatment, necessary medication, artificial limbs if necessary, and proper fitting and training in the use of such appliances. In addition, the disabled veteran may receive vocational training up to a period of four years to overcome his disability.

In each of the fifty-three regional offices of the Veterans Administration, there is a subdivision to handle vocational counseling, the determination of the employment objective and the course of study or training. Another subdivision handles the actual training process and places the men in jobs. The Veterans Administration has also established guidance centers in colleges and universities for closer liaison with educational institutions as well as for the greater convenience of the veterans.

## V

However good the over-all plan may be, its ultimate success depends upon what is done at the local level. The local Veterans Centers are given the function of coordinating rehabilitation activities of all community agencies. Any over-all civilian program would require similar coordina-



tion, as the Baruch Committee on Physical Medicine has demonstrated in its recommendations for the operation of a community rehabilitation service. The essentials of the Baruch plan are the location of persons needing rehabilitation, evaluation of their medical, mental, social and vocational status and needs, medical treatment, educational and vocational guidance and retraining, and, finally, actual placement of rehabilitated persons.

For those not employable in industry, the plan calls for a sheltered workshop and even for work at home. A follow-up service would check results. In addition, it is suggested that large communities, especially those in university centers, conduct research in various phases of rehabilitation. For effective operation the plan envisages the active cooperation of local industry and labor, local medical and welfare agencies, both official and voluntary, and physicians in private practice. In large communities many of the services, it is recommended, should be brought together in a rehabilitation center. One such center is already being developed in New York City.

Peoria, Illinois, affords an outstanding example of a community which planned well in advance to set up a coordinated program for veterans, and it has seen the wisdom of applying it to non-veterans as well. The Peoria Plan for Human Rehabilitation had its roots in the wartime needs of local industry. Industrial leaders, physicians, civic and welfare workers

got together and developed a definite plan for employing disabled people in suitable jobs. Cooperation was sought and obtained from each group in meeting a particular responsibility in the total program. The only paid employee at the beginning was a counsellor, and local citizens and organizations bore the cost. From this modest beginning, there developed first a rehabilitation plan for returning veterans of the community, and finally for all disabled residents of the area. With the recent expansion, support and guidance from state and Federal sources have been required, but the Peoria Plan will serve as a useful model for other industrial cities of moderate size.

It is to the extension of such rehabilitation centers all over the country that we must look for the final solution of this problem. Any good program of rehabilitation for the handicapped aims to help them recover the highest economic and social values of which they are capable. The underlying principles are few and simple, although the difficulties in attaining the aims are many and intricate, because the types of handicaps are so many and varied.

The first key to successful employment of the handicapped is adequate retraining for a suitable occupation. This can be done in special institutions or schools or even in industrial plants. Next comes placement.

Few jobs require all the abilities and faculties of the worker. When a handicapped person is placed where his

difficulty is irrelevant in relation to the task to be done, he is not really handicapped. In the printing industry, for example, a one-armed man can be a thoroughly qualified proof-reader and a deaf man can easily set type.

The mentally handicapped present special difficulties, but with judicious management it is possible for many of these people to do serviceable work. There are many tasks that not only do not demand much intelligence but are, in point of fact, irksome and tedious to normal persons.

A thoroughgoing program, of course, calls for many other activities of a preventive and curative nature. We must stop our reckless creation of thousands of new cripples each year by cutting down on the number of accidents in the home and in public places. The control of vehicular accidents is particularly pressing. To stem the tide of mental maladjustments, our communities must develop good mental hygiene programs in the schools and establish more recreational facilities for children. Religious institutions have a very significant part to play in all of these activities. And in each community there must be one center from which will radiate interest in and services for the handicapped. There is no good reason, as a matter of fact, why the centers which

have been established to serve veterans should not extend their operations to include the civilian handicapped as well.

Clearly, there is much to be done to help the huge army of the handicapped to become useful and productive people. The problem is worthy of a truly great national effort in which government, philanthropy and public-spirited citizens can work together. The first desideratum is an adequate conception of the size of the effort which is required. In every community, there is need for supporters and volunteer workers to help in the rehabilitation program. It is one of the glories of our country that when there is a job of this type to do and it is made known, there is always a warm response from our people and especially from our women. Whether it be through the local chapters of the Red Cross, or of the Foundation for Infantile Paralysis or the community service societies, there are in the aggregate millions of volunteers dedicated to ameliorating the condition of those in need of help. This is a priceless national asset. A great measure of personal satisfaction awaits those who will find a useful place in the effort to help the handicapped attain harmonious and productive living on a family level, and thus help them reach the goal of a fuller life.



## NEED QUOTATIONS BE EXACT?

BY MORRIS ROSENBLUM

ANSWERING the questions, "Who Wrote That?" or "Where Do These Lines Come From?" is a recognized part of the intellectual activity of our times. The popularity of quiz books and radio quiz programs, the applause and rewards given to participants who can identify a few lines from *On the Road to Mandalay* or can name the author of *The Village Blacksmith* attest the homage and respect paid to the proficient in this line of cultural development.

Let a publication attribute a quotation to the wrong author or misquote a popular saying, and some reader is sure to spot the error and set the editor right. For example, early in 1946 the famous dictum, "Power always tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely," was credited to Bishop Creighton instead of to Lord Acton in the magazine section of the New York *Sunday Times*. A correspondent complained and was rewarded with an admission of error by the editor, who explained that he had relied on *A Thesaurus of Quotations* by Edrund Fuller. Later the compiler of the book wrote that he

would rectify his error in a later printing.

Mr. Fuller quoted Herkimer to the effect that "the thing said is more to be treasured than the one who said it." This may be true in principle but there are many persons whose minds don't rest until an allusion is tracked down. In 1931 the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes caused such a literary hunt with a quotation he used in his birthday speech to the nation. In conclusion he said:

"And so I end with a line from a Latin poet who uttered the message more than 1500 years ago: 'Death plucks my ear and says, 'Live — I am coming.''"

Who was the Latin poet? Investigators took the phrase "more than 1500 years ago" rather literally and found parallels in the works of Latin poets of that period. Actually, Justice Holmes had quoted from a minor work, the *Copa* or *Barmaid*, by Virgil, who lived 2000 years ago. The New York *Times* devoted a long literary editorial to the matter on March 11, 1931.

Recently there was a great deal of

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inquiry into the source of two expressions made popular by Winston Churchill. The weekly bulletin of the Columbia University Press had noted that a phrase similar to "blood, toil, tears and sweat," occurred in Henry James' *The Bostonians*. John K. Hutchens of the *Times* publicized this and correspondents began the quest. John Donne's *Anatomy of the World*, an unnamed work by Mme. de Stael, and Otto Ruhle's *Life of Karl Marx*, a strange assortment, were named as possible sources. Likewise, a writer in the New York newspaper *PM* questioned the originality of Churchill's "iron curtain." David Zaslavsky, the Soviet journalist, alleged that the phrase had been lifted from an article by Goebbels published on February 23, 1945.

Churchill did not reply to the second accusation but he did answer the first. J. C. Thomson, the British consul at Miami, wrote that Mr. Churchill had asked him to state that he had never read *The Bostonians* and that "he believes he made up himself the expression 'blood, toil, tears and sweat' which he used in his speech in the House of Commons on the 13th May, 1940."

## II

These incidents are typical of the interest that can be aroused in getting at the source of a quotation. Some readers feel very strongly that a quoter should reveal the source of his quotes. It is exasperating to read "as the reader well remembers," or "in

the words of the well-known poet." Every reader does not well remember nor does he know the well-known poet. He may consider himself flattered that the author assumes him to be familiar with the reference, or he may become conscience-stricken at his ignorance in not recognizing what everybody is supposed to know. The result may be searches through reference works, long hours in libraries and incessant queries to editors until the elusive quotation is tracked to its source.

But others see no point in giving sources except in scholarly and professional journals, where for obvious reasons exact citation is demanded. In writings intended for a larger circle of readers, the references only clutter up the page, appear too pedantic and destroy interest. That is what the critic Augustine Birrell felt about the use of quotations in Agnes Repplier's *To Think of Tea*. Admitting that she had a marvelous gift for apt quotations from other writers, and that "an apt quotation is as refreshing as an ill-timed one is repulsive," he concluded:

"But she deems it her duty to name the author from whom she quotes, and somehow or another this overloads her sprightly page. It is quite unnecessary. This is an Age of Scribblers, and we all live by taking in each other's washing; there is, however, no need to give the name of the laundress."

Should the user of a quotation quote exactly? The answer appears obvious: why, of course. Yet, there are reservations and exceptions. For

example, not long ago, Charlotte Kamp, writing in the *New York Times*, spoke about "gilding the lily." An indignant correspondent, and he really seethed, accused her of mauling Shakespeare.

The correspondent, who happened to be a United States attorney, pleaded his case in quasi-legal language, and declared that "There ought to be a law." As a man of law, he cited the exact reference, *King John*, Act IV, Scene 2:

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet. . .

I'm afraid that no matter what the statute says, common law or usage is against the correspondent. The editor correctly answered that fifty million Americans, "by persisting in saying 'gilding' instead of 'painting,' can't be wrong, and . . . they have raised the misquotation to the level of a folk saying."

### III

Not only fifty million Americans but also many generations and countless millions of Englishmen have done this to other familiar expressions. Constant usage or, according to the purists, misuse has turned the original saying into something else, and the misquotation has become the proper form to quote. The eminent authority on usage, H. W. Fowler, who insists on precision in language and who has not hesitated to find fault with the grammar of some of the greatest names in English literature, considers

it pedantic to insist on the correct form of a quotation known to the few, instead of the established wrong form used by the many.

Consider "Discretion is the better part of valor." Visitors to the Old Vic theatre presentations last year learned that that is not how Shakespeare wrote it. Falstaff's words in the last act of *I King Henry IV* are, "The better part of valor is discretion." Sometimes the changes made in popular usage are due to carelessness or unfamiliarity with the original, but more often the change is caused by a desire for greater ease and fluency in the construction of the sentence. So, in the example cited, the altered sentence sounds more rhythmic than even Shakespeare's original, and transposing "discretion" to the beginning as the subject is the more normal practise.

A feeling for euphony and alliteration substituted the word "mountain" in Francis Bacon's story about Mohammed so that his dictum is never cited in its original form: "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill." Changes often make a quotable thought much more viable and it is easy to see why the following survives in its present form. "Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed," is all that is remembered of Thomas Morton's play, *A Cure for the Heartache*. Even that line is not entirely Morton's for he had put it less concisely as, "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is approbation indeed."

Sometimes a quotable expression

is changed so that it can be used out of context. An example is the oft-misquoted couplet from William Congreve's *The Mourning Bride*:

Heav'n has no Rage like Love to Hatred  
turn'd

Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd.

The second line is the one which is drawn on for quotation. Whatever one may think of the accuracy of the observation, one readily sees that it lacks grammatical completeness by itself. Hence it often appears in quotations as "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned."

Another well known example is the pre-Hollywood gag that truth is stranger than fiction. This is supposed to be an English proverb but its first literary appearance is found in Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, Canto 14:

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always  
strange,  
Stranger than fiction.

Here the omission of a few words makes the aphorism terser and gives it the quality of a folk saying.

A quotation taken out of context often assumes a meaning which it did not have in its original setting, even though not a word has been changed. A notable instance is Shakespeare's "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." By itself it is a noble sentiment, indicating that mankind is united by ties of brotherhood. However, as uttered by Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida*, it has a very cynical connotation. Upbraiding the Greeks for turning from their old idol Achilles to a new hero Ajax, Ulysses implied

that the touch of nature is man's desire to worship the new and to forget the old, whether the new deserves admiration or not. It is another example of man's inhumanity to man.

#### IV

Difficulties of translation or of interpretation may also cause a quotation to be misapplied. When Chester Bowles wrote *Tomorrow Without Fear*, his former partner, Assistant Secretary of State William Benton, jokingly admonished him, "Don't forget the warning in the Book of Job: 'Oh, that mine adversary had written a book. . . .'" As this wish is commonly interpreted, it means that an opponent is eager to battle with his foe and wants him to write something that he can tear to pieces. Job's words as translated in the King James version are: "Oh that one would hear me! behold, my desire is, that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book." The word "book" is given a different interpretation in the Revised Version, "Oh that I had the indictment which mine adversary hath written." Job wanted a bill of particulars or a "little book," the libel which in English civil law is the plaintiff's list of charges, so that he might know what he had done to bring such evils upon himself. This emendation changes the entire meaning of the quotation but it does not mean that anybody will stop using the quotation as it is now being used.

Byron and others after him derided

people with "just enough of learning to misquote." Naturally, one should not misquote without good reason, and sufficient evidence has been given in support of certain justifiable misquotations. Below are a few very common misquotations, and anybody who uses them is in good company, for even scholars with more than enough learning use them without

realizing that they are misquoting. In some cases it would be pedantic and not scholarly to insist on reverting to the original but in others, adherence to the author's original version is recommended. In each of the following, the italicized words represent a popular change from the original, which is given opposite together with the source.

1. *A man convinced* against his will.

He that complies against his will,  
Is of his own opinion still.

— Samuel Butler, *Hudibras*.

2. I am escaped *by* the skin of my teeth.

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.

— *Job*.

3. The *even* tenor of their way.

The noiseless tenor of their way.

— Thomas Gray, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.

4. Pride goeth before a *fall*.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an  
haughty spirit before a fall.

— *Proverbs*.

5. The devil can *quote* Scripture for his purpose.

The devil can cite Scripture.

— William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*.

6. When *Greek meets Greek*.

When Greeks joyn'd Greeks, then was  
the tug of war.

— Nathaniel Lee, *The Rival Queens*.

7. In the sweat of thy *brow*, shalt thou  
*earn* thy bread.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat  
bread.

— *Genesis*.

8. The *lion shall lie down* with the lamb.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,  
and the leopard shall lie down with the  
kid; and the calf and the young lion and  
the fatling together . . .

— *Isaiah*.

9. Tomorrow to fresh *fields* and pastures  
new.

Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures  
new.

— John Milton, *Lycidas*.

10. *A poor* thing, but mine own.

An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own.

— William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*.

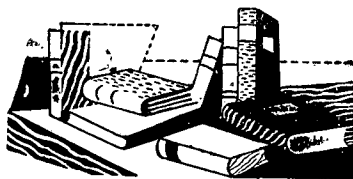




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### MARX—THE MAN AND HIS LEGACY

by **BERTRAM D. WOLFE**

THERE is a strange ambivalence in Leopold Schwarzschild's new biography of Karl Marx [*The Red Prussian: The Life and Legend of Karl Marx*. \$4.00, Scribner]. On the one hand he is determined to prove that his protagonist was trivial, ignorant, mean, lacking in the power of logical thought or intellectual concentration, a *poseur* in the realm of ideas who never set down an original notion or a clear concept, who did not believe what he himself wrote and could not persuade others to believe it, who wrote in order to avoid useful labor and to sponge on his friends while pretending to be at work on important books, or in order to win superiority over some potential rival in a minuscule circle of crack-brains, who was master only of some tricks of plagiarism, logical and

terminological sleight-of-hand and poisonous invective, who ruined every enterprise he ever touched and alienated or destroyed every capable person who came into contact with him, who died friendless, exposed, discredited, believed in by no one but a baker's dozen of unconditional dimwits, no longer believing even in himself, an utter and absolute failure, "an o without a figure."

And on the other hand, Dr. Schwarzschild would convict this same anti-hero of responsibility for Lenin, Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler and all the major ills of our age. Convict him of responsibility not only for his own views but for those who traduced them, those who perverted them, those who made a political career out of opposing them, and, "in one way or another" (a happy phrase strangely reminiscent of Marx's own too ready use of the expression, "in the last analysis"), make him responsible for "all the most important facts of our

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**BERTRAM D. WOLFE'S** most recent contribution to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* was a "Dis-senting Opinion on Toynbee," published in the June issue. He is at present writing a history of the Russian Revolution in the form of a "triple biography" of Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin.

time." Dr. Schwarzchild would even convict his subject of responsibility for the voluntary or involuntary bankruptcy of the liberal tradition, which was neither Marxist, pseudo-Marxist nor anti-Marxist.

"If a name had to be found for the age in which we live," reads the first paragraph of Dr. Schwarzchild's 400-page indictment,

we might safely call it the Marxian era. For, in one way or another, the most important facts of our time lead back to one man — Karl Marx. . . . Without Marx there would have been no Lenin, no Communist Russia . . . no totalitarian states. . . . And after all, it is because of Marx that the rest of the world has for years been obliged to sacrifice one after another of its liberal traditions to the necessity of self-preservation. There can be no doubt that our whole life would be very different if Marx had never lived.

It is possible to attribute the ills of our age "in one way or another" to any great movement or complex of events of the last century — to the French Revolution, for instance, with its revolutionary war, its universal conscription, its bonapartism, its plebiscitary "democracy," its nationalism and its terror. It is even possible to make out a case for attribution of our ills to a single great man, or, if you will, great devil. But it is not possible to attribute such superhuman responsibility and influence to an absurd, trivial, despicable nonentity, a rimless zero. After all, even the Devil owes his powers to the fact that he is a fallen angel.

II

"The tree is known by his fruit," writes Dr. Schwarzchild in justification of his book, and "practically all previous biographies of Marx were written before any fruit had ripened." To judge the tree by its fruit is surely a valid method. But which is the fruit? Is it the democratic socialist movement or the totalitarian Communist movement? Dr. Schwarzchild gives no hint of the existence of the former, though in much of Europe it is today the only hopeful alternative to totalitarianism, and he gives no sign of having examined the latter to see whether or how much it may be taking Marx's name in vain.

Did not Lenin call himself a Marxist? reasons the author. Does not Stalin call himself a Marxist and a Leninist? But Dr. Schwarzchild evades the real problems of attribution: what elements of Marxism may have been taken, perhaps from their total context, to pave the way for Leninism? How much of Leninism springs from the old Russian tradition, which the greatest of Russian historians, Klyuchevsky — writing under Tsarism — summed up in the formula: "The state swells up; the people diminish." How much of Leninism is a continuation of the Russian centralist, terrorist, conspiracy of the nineteenth century, and how much is in the tradition of West European socialism and democracy? How far did Lenin prepare the way for Stalin, and how far does

Stalinism (which had to falsify the history of Lenin's revolution and murder all of Lenin's closest associates) represent a break with Leninism? The problem is not a simple one, for elements both of continuity and of break are present. But these real problems of attributions and responsibility are not touched upon by the author. It is sufficient for him that Lenin pronounced himself an orthodox Marxist, and that Stalin has awarded himself the title of "the best disciple of Comrade Lenin." But in this not-so-simple world of ours, is every man what he says he is? When Taft pronounces himself a Republican "of the Republican party of Abraham Lincoln," does that mean that if Lincoln had never lived there would be no Taft-Hartley labor bill? Or when Bilbo, Rankin and Talmadge declare themselves faithful Jeffersonian Democrats does that make Jefferson, "in one way or another," responsible for Bilboism, Rankinism and Talmadgism? It is hard to see how any man can write fruitfully about politics if he has not learned the first proposition of the political Euclid: parties and politicians are not to be judged by their labels.

But there is another justification offered for this new biography which has to be taken more seriously:

In recent times a body of material has been made available which was not at the disposal of earlier writers—the complete correspondence of Marx and Engels. . . . A collection of these letters published shortly before the first World War, as it

turned out later, was *deliberately and carefully purged of everything which could place Marx in an unfavorable light*. . . . These letters (complete and uncensored) we now have at our disposal. They reveal to us, the true Marx. . . .

To some extent this material is actually new, although Franz Mehring's friendly and scholarly biography made use of both private letters and public documents to chide Marx for injustice to Lasalle and Bakunin. But the quantity of new material made available by the uncensored letters is enormous, and Dr. Schwarzchild has actually reversed the censorship method he refers to above, for he has *deliberately and carefully purged the letters of everything which could place Marx in a favorable light*. Going over them with a fine-tooth comb he has extracted every spiteful and ill-humored word, every ironical, satirical or cynical side-remark, every private jest at the expense of self or others, every momentary weariness with seemingly endless, fruitless labor, every touch of self-doubt and despair, every attempt to apply egotistical balm to his wounds. He has combed the letters as he accuses Marx of having combed economics books, merely to bolster his thesis and strengthen his indictment. Though Marx endured martyrdom and stubbornly adhered to his purpose, his is no saintly figure but rather a lonely, irascible, difficult one, a man who complained of his boils and his poverty and his obscurity, who begged his friends for help in order that his

family might not actually die of starvation (poverty was the real slayer of two of his children) while he continued to toil on his masterpiece, *Das Kapital*. All too often he solaced himself with sarcastic or poisonous remarks about rivals and opponents, great and small, indulged in demeaning puns like Pissmarck for Bismarck and making snide references to La-salle's Jewishness (though he himself was descended from a family of rabbis). He was cocksure — this is what sustained him — that he had great truths to communicate. And he was blindly intolerant of all who offered substitutes or alternatives or vulgarized fragments of his views. Everyone who knows Marx only through his public writings would do well to read this cumulative catalogue of the man's weaknesses and deficiencies. But those who are not familiar with the public writings will get a totally false picture of the man and his work from this implacable summary for the prosecution.

Moreover, the use of the letters to present "the true Marx" raises an important question of biographical method. What this question is I can best illustrate from two of my own attempts at biography, those of Diego Rivera and of Lenin. From Rivera's letters and the gossip of his family and friends I learned, among other things, that human beings are fearfully and wonderfully and incongruously made, and that great men may be even more so than ordinary people. My real problem was to discover how much

light his love affairs, his political games and zigzags, his tall tales, etc., really threw upon his achievements as a painter. It was his public work as a public figure, not his private extravagances, that made him rate a biography. Even his playing with politics had to be considered primarily for the light it threw upon the far more serious "politics" of his painting: the choice of a public fresco medium, certain aspects of his technique and much of the content of his painting. Lenin's exemplary private life raises an opposite type of problem. I learned that he loved music, that when he listened to Beethoven he "wanted to stroke the heads of people who can create such beauty while living in this vile hell." He loved his mother, his sisters, his wife, children and cats. But how much (something, no doubt) does all this tell me about his use of public terror?

In a word, public men must be judged first of all by their public actions. And their private lives, foibles, relations are of importance chiefly insofar as they may throw light on the public actions which merited a biography. But Dr. Schwarzschild has not only denied himself all positive light from the letters; he has even tried to substitute the private for the public man as "the true Marx."

### III

If it is indeed a man's public work by which primarily a public man should be estimated — in this case Marx's

main writings and their subsequent influence — then Dr. Schwarzchild's book has little to offer. As with the letters, his method of "analysis" is to comb the works for deficiencies and weaknesses. He employs the device of treating every utterance as an equally valid part of a uniformly sacred canon, so that he can give neither sense of growth nor of structure. Indeed, wherever later formulations of Marx prove to be more qualified, precise and refined, Dr. Schwarzchild, without citing the dates, hastens to oppose them with earlier statements, as if these were refutations or cancellations. Or he seeks to prove that such a private person as he conceives Marx to be could not possibly have meant seriously such a public utterance. But one can neither exhibit nor destroy a thought structure by a prolonged *argumentum ad hominem*.

Our biographer has too much loathing to try to understand what he is trying to refute. He fails to sink his teeth (as against the teeth of his "fine-comb") into the solid structure of *Das Kapital*. If he had, he would have discovered that the essence of Marx's critique of capitalism lies in his humanistic doctrine of "fetishism" — that, as the African fetish-worshiper forgets that the wooden image is the work of his own hands, and lets it assume command over him, so man has forgotten that machinery and goods are human contrivances meant to serve man's humanity, and he has become subject to his own machines and commodities instead of master

over them. Had Dr. Schwarzchild made that discovery about Marxism, the whole thesis of his book would have fallen apart.

He assures us that *Das Kapital* does not have to be taken seriously anyhow, because it was written merely to eclipse Lasalle and Bakunin, and because Volume III "refutes" Volume I. He claims Marx knew this, the sly fellow, so he stopped work on it and left to the faithful Engels the dreary task of publishing it posthumously. But a study of the texts would have shown him that the relevant portions of Volume III were actually written *before* Volume I was published. And a study of the structure would have shown him that Volume I "abstracts" from certain economic phenomena (such as the competition of capital) in order to study certain other phenomena in their "abstract purity." Hence, when in Volume III Marx reintroduces the complicating factor of competition to show how it modifies the laws derived by "abstracting from it," he is no more refuting those laws, if laws they are, than a physicist refutes the law of the uniform rate of acceleration of a falling body (discovered by abstracting from the complicating factor of air friction) when later, in aerodynamics, he reintroduces the complicating factor of air friction and gets a variable instead of a uniform rate of acceleration.

Having proved to his satisfaction that Marx was a mere nullity and a ridiculous charlatan, Dr. Schwarzchild still insists that our age should

be called "the Marxian era." Without attributing as much evil or as much potency to Marx as he does, we may well agree that in a certain sense the present age may be called "Marxian."

If we were to select the two representatives of the last century whose views have had the most obvious influence upon the dominant thought of our own, we might well select Marx and Darwin. Many of their insights, sometimes directly, sometimes by derivation, have become part of our unconscious approach to problems. In retrospect they can be seen to have been terminal points in a long period during which Western thought became accustomed to the idea of change, natural and social, the idea that both nature and institutions have a "history." The Middle Ages might well have inscribed over its halls of learning: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end." But cosmography after Newton, geology after Lyell, technology after Watt, history after the French Revolution, accustomed the mind to the idea of ceaseless change, change with a real or an apparent definite direction, even sudden and violent change: genetics, evolution and revolution. Darwin sought to discover the law of change in species; Marx the "law of motion" of capitalist society. Both expressed their century's implicit faith that change, by and large, meant progress. Both got their initial ideas in a flash — which seems so preposterous to Schwarzschild — and spent their lives sustaining, refining,

developing, Darwin's very "English" predisposition to note the gradualness of evolution and Marx's "continental" predisposition to concentrate on those nodal points where prior cumulative change bursts out into rapid, dramatic and radical transformation — both have had to be supplemented and corrected. Mutants, the inheritance of acquired characters where the genes are affected, are some of the corrections introduced into Darwin's picture.

And Marx, who began his political life in the midst of the powder and barricades of 1848 and under the spell of the Great French Revolution, himself began a reluctant process of correction by acknowledging the importance of reforms like the British Factory Laws, and recognizing the possibility of "a peaceful revolution" in democratic countries like England, the United States, Holland and Belgium. So, too, he corrected his early excessive statism, centralism and authoritarianism after witnessing the Paris Commune of 1870. Subsequent events have painfully impressed on latter-day socialists the realization that the decline of capitalism does not automatically lead to socialism, that not every revolution is good, that freedom has to be planned for as well as abundance or we shall have neither, that much of our cumulative heritage is too precious to be scrapped merely for the appearance of a more complete break with the past. "Prove all things and hold on to that which is good," might well serve as the two-pronged

formula of democratic socialism's present attitude toward all existing institutions.

To the political influence of Marx we must add the powerful, if largely indirect, influence he exercises on the intellectual approach of our age to a variety of fields. Besides the emphasis on the "economics of politics," the so-called "mature economy" and the "falling rate of profit," the heightened interest in the economic crisis, and the general sense of social change, we must note more subtle phenomena such as a stronger sense of social pattern (of the interrelatedness of economics, politics, thought, the style or *zeitgeist* of an age or society); a stronger sense of historicity (the necessity of defining institutions, phenomena, concepts not as timeless but as historically conditioned); a stronger sense — perhaps overdeveloped — of what might be called ideological historicity. To be sure, Marx does not stand alone in these respects and his influence is

more often indirect than direct, but his unsystematic, sometimes contradictory, though dramatically stated and always seminal thoughts represent one of the culminating points in a whole congeries of schools and thinkers.

Today no anthropologist approaches a "culture" and no historian a "period" without being unconsciously influenced by these insights. Who today would write of Inca or Egyptian theocracy without some consideration of the formative influence of the need of public irrigation works in the Andes or Nile valley? What historian could consider the rise of Protestantism without some examination of its relationship to the rise of capitalism? Though Dr. Schwarzschild calls ours "the Marxian era" he does not even essay the central task of determining to what extent Marx's contributions are imbedded in our age's way of thinking. He does not seem to recognize that the problem exists.





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## THE CHECK LIST

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### FOREIGN AFFAIRS

REPORT ON THE GERMANS, by W. L. White. \$3.00. *Harcourt Brace*. Mr. White spent a few weeks in Germany last year, and here he reports what he saw. The many men and women he met led him to believe that the Germans are no more warlike, by nature, than any other people. He came to several conclusions: that as a price of Lend-Lease to Russia we should have extracted a pledge from her to renounce all territorial claims; that the unconditional surrender formula probably "cost millions of unnecessary lives, and put the Russians in the heart of Europe"; that Churchill's plan for a Balkan invasion might have prolonged the war by a few months but more likely "it would have saved the peace, and would have made unnecessary the present tragi-comic spectacle of our rush to the aid of Greece and Turkey, noisily locking the barn door long after the horse has been stolen"; that the quick deployment of our armies shortly after V-E Day robbed us of a good deal of our "bargaining power" with the Russians; and that the chief hope in Europe is to build "a free and democratic" Germany. Mr. White could have come to all these conclusions without going to Germany, indeed, without leaving his home town. He did see and talk to some people in Germany, but his sections based on these encounters are very thin and read pretty much like newspaper human-interest stories — cheaply colorful, shabbily dramatic, and revealing very little. Altogether, Mr. White had only an editorial in him, which he blew up into a book by making a futile trip to Germany. The sheer writing, unfortunately, is below his best.

THE BALKANS, *Frontier of Two Worlds*, by William B. King and Frank O'Brien. \$3.50. *Knopf*. This volume by two experienced Balkan newspapermen (who are referred to on the book jacket as "old Balkan hands") is a generally valuable guide to the postwar history of south-east Europe. Despite the authors' complete acceptance of the Communist version of Mihailovich (he was "almost from the beginning . . . a cooperative arm of the Axis"), and despite their unsubstantiated comment that Tito began preparing for resistance before Russia was attacked, the book has value. There is a vast amount of documented material on the methods used by the Communists to take power in the Balkans, a vigorous indictment of American blundering in that area and a sober description of the chief anti-Communist elements.

NATIONS AND PEACE, by I. A. Richards. \$2.00. *Simon and Schuster*. The substance of Mr. Richards' brief essay is that nations and nationalism are at the root of wars, that the UN as now constituted is no remedy and that what is needed is a United People (UP), to be organized as a world democratic government. Aside from a stern warning to his readers to "act now," the author gives no indication of how his proposals are to be put into effect. The volume is written in Basic English (except that Mr. Richards cheated to the extent of 25 words) and has about 150 superb illustrations by Ramon Gordon.

RICHER BY ASIA, by Edmond Taylor. \$3.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. Mr. Taylor, whose *The Strategy of Terror* in 1940 won critical acclaim as a study of the principles of psychological warfare,

spent about two years with the OSS in the South-east Asia Command. His present book, he says, is a "rather casual attempt . . . to understand some of the problems of Asia and of how this attempt gradually, and at first unconsciously, turned into a pilgrimage-in search of the psychological reality beneath the verbal formula: We are all members of the tribe of man." Unfortunately, he comes up only with huge gobs of verbiage that either hide the obvious or compound the nonsensical. He says the Hindus are more frank about some aspects of sex than we are and less frank about others; that world government is a very fine concept but probably difficult to obtain; that "we cannot evade the responsibility of generalship over ourselves"; that "there is a problem of emphasis and perspective, and the determination of it is the strategic basis of our problem of personal generalship"; and that the problem of building one world is "one of conversion in the religious sense — conversion of hearts and minds, transformations of personality."

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS

**BIG COUNTRY: TEXAS**, by Donald Day. \$3.50. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce*. This latest volume in the American Folkways series is unfortunately so topheavy with anecdote that the history, geography, and social and economic development of Texas are pretty well submerged. The book is well-seasoned with such homely Texas slang as "ruckus," "ornery" and "cuss." There is a short section on state politics, but even this is mostly confined to such airy generalizations as the statement that "Sam Rayburn is not only a great Texan but a great American." Taken either as a contribution to Americana or as a reference work, the book is a disappointment.

**AMERICAN MILITARY GOVERNMENT IN GERMANY**, by Harold Zink. \$4.00. *Macmillan*. Mr. Zink, professor of political science at DePauw University, served with SHAEF during the war and with the American section of the Control Council for Germany after the end of hostilities, so that his professorial attitude is tempered with knowledge come by in active administrative work on the subject. His book is a

thorough and workmanlike exposition of what we have done in demilitarization, re-education, denazification and general democratization of our defeated enemy, and he argues for a realization on the part of the American people that we must keep our forces in Germany for at least ten years if our military victory is to have any long-range benefits for us and Europe.

**ON UNDERSTANDING SCIENCE**, by James B. Conant. \$2.00. *Yale*. In the course of his long scientific career Dr. Conant has become convinced that in general the layman is ignorant of the ways and ideas of scientists and that he is only vaguely cognizant of what "science can or cannot accomplish." In a democracy, Dr. Conant feels, such ignorance may well be dangerous. As a partial remedy he suggests a college course in scientific education of the layman. Such a course would not deal with the facts of science; rather it would present a historical survey of a number of eminent scientists together with the problems they set out to examine and the manner in which they solved them. As a practical example of his theory Dr. Conant selects the work of Robert Boyle and the investigations which yielded Boyle's Law. All this is presented with a minimum of technical jargon; certainly it should help the intelligent layman to gain a clearer insight into the ways and attitudes of the contemporary scientist.

## ESSAYS

**FOOTNOTES ON NATURE**, by John Kieran. \$3.00. *Doubleday*. There are eighteen chapters here on the birds and insects and berries and flowers and trees within commuting distance of New York City. They are informative, charmingly written, and they reveal a personality of much warmth, poetic intensity and uncommon geniality. Unlike some nature-writing, this is not laden with purple passages or reeking with emotional gaucheries. These essays are sound, clear, gentle and altogether captivating. There are many excellent wood engravings by Nora S. Unwin.

**SEVEN ESSAYS**, by George Sampson. \$3.00. *Cambridge-Macmillan*. Mr. Sampson is the eminent English scholar, critic and educator, whose

writings unfortunately are not too well known in this country. It is to be hoped that this collection of his essays will at least partly remedy this condition. They are on his favorite subjects — music, literature, acting and education. They are all beautifully composed and rich with learning, meaning and genuine refreshment. But perhaps the essays on “Bach and Shakespeare,” “The Operas of Mozart,” “Henry Irving” and English hymns, “the poor man’s poetry,” merit special mention. The first is probably a masterpiece in comparative criticism.

### ANTHOLOGIES

THE PLEASURES OF PEACOCK, edited with an introduction by Ben Ray Redman. \$5.00. *Farrar, Straus*. Here are reprinted the entire texts of two of Peacock’s novels — *Nightmare Abbey* and *Crotchet Castle* — and cut versions of the other five. The edition used is Henry Cole’s, 1875. Mr. Redman supplies an excellent critical-biographical introduction, which is pretty much a model of what such things should be. He is a moderate Peacockian. He grants that Peacock was not of the first magnitude of novelists, but he hastens to add that while his hero cultivated a small garden, “within that garden he worked enduringly.” He was a master of good talk and genial satire, and his novels are unlike “any other novels under the moon.” At the end is a “Key to Characters,” which Mr. Redman wisely says should be taken with many grains of salt.

THE PERMANENT ADE, edited by Fred C. Kelly. \$3.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. This forms an excellent companion volume to Mr. Kelly’s first rate biography, *George Ade: Warm-Hearted Satirist*. There are nearly fifty fables, stories and essays, all of them Ade at his very best, and two plays, the one-actor *Marse Covington* and the incomparable *Sultan of Sulu*. There is now no good reason why Ade’s work should not be almost as popular as it was in his own day. He was one of the greatest of our short-story writers.

THE REPUBLIC OF SILENCE, by A. J. Liebling. \$4.00. *Harcourt Brace*. The “Republic” of the title was a part of France under the German Occupation: the Resistance. Mr. Liebling

has collected an interestingly varied number of pieces written between the fall of France and the liberation by writers in many different walks of life and of different politics, and he has strung the whole together with a unifying commentary. The contributions come from newspapers, pamphlets and private letters, and they add up to a most effective statement of the spirit of France at its greatest in recent times.

### HISTORY

THE LAST DAYS OF HITLER, by H. R. Trevor-Roper. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. The author of this superb study writes in an epilogue that his purpose was “to establish the facts of Hitler’s end, and thereby to prevent the growth of a myth.” Based as it is on analysis of all the relevant testimony available to British Military Intelligence, the book will leave its readers with no doubts about Hitler’s suicide. It should also do a great deal to clarify the facts about a period in history which was largely obscured in the rumors, distortions and speculation printed in the press at the time. Professor Trevor-Roper has brought to light a mass of new material on such matters as Hess’ air trip to Scotland in 1941, Himmler’s peace negotiations, Hitler’s doctors, etc. The author has a gift for characterization and an appreciation of the drama in his material.

DARK DECEMBER, *The Full Account of the Battle of the Bulge*, by Robert E. Merriam. \$3.00. *Ziff-Davis*. Mr. Merriam has drawn upon personal observation, study of the pertinent documents and interviews with the principal Allied and German military leaders to produce this authoritative account of the Germans’ last attempt to turn defeat into victory. The result is an interesting volume which demonstrates, among other things, that the Allies were totally unprepared for the attack; that there was no plot to murder Eisenhower (as rumor had it); and that Model and Jodl, rather than Runstedt, did most of the German planning. The book is primarily for the specialist. There are twelve maps and two charts.

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE IN MEXICO, by Trent E. Sanford. \$6.00. *Norton*. In the story of Mexican architecture one finds

many of the threads of that land's history. Some of these strands Mr. Sanford has unraveled, giving the reader understanding glimpses of the cities and pyramids of the ancient Toltecs, Mayas and Aztecs; the fortress monasteries built by the early friars; and the cathedrals and palaces of the later colonial era. Some attention, too, is bestowed on the abodes of the people. The author, who is himself an architect, has spent many years in Mexico and is thoroughly familiar with his subject. The book is beautifully illustrated.

## FICTION

**HELLBOX**, by John O'Hara. \$2.50. *Random House*. A distinguished professor of English at Columbia University has said of Mr. O'Hara that he "understands the complex, contradictory, asymmetrical society in which we live." The good professor apparently was so thrilled or shocked by Mr. O'Hara's ramblings in what might be called the social underground of New York City and nearby points that he lost all his critical sense. For it becomes clearer with Mr. O'Hara's every new book that at best he has only a fair ear for the language of his characters and hardly any insight whatever into their souls. He worships "toughness" for "toughness" sake. He seems to think that once he has got a cheap situation on paper he has said something very profound about the men and women involved, which is, of course, an absurdity. In his latest book, a collection of 26 stories, there isn't a single paragraph of fictional penetration or even fresh observation. A movie mogul wants to have a passing affair with a chorus girl he has just seen, but thinks of his poor health; a shady young man maneuvers his former mistress into letting him into her apartment and lying her way out of a date with her present lover; a man takes a young girl to a friend's house for an illicit interlude; a worthless man gets the wife of a friend to agree to sleep with him, and then doesn't show up; and so forth and so on for 210 long, dull pages — with no motivation, no delineation of character even of the sort one finds in women's magazines, and all done in shabby writing, brash and boring.

**MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET**, by Valentine Davies. \$1.75. *Harcourt Brace*. Mr. Davies'

modern Christmas fable, whose story is well known to movie-goers, emerges in this slim book as an eminently readable, piece of light fiction. An old gentleman who has taken the name Kris Kringle is declared insane after he gets a job as Santa Claus at Macy's. His efforts to put some good will into merchandising, his battles with the store psychiatrist and the fight to clear him of insanity charges sustain the burden of the plot.

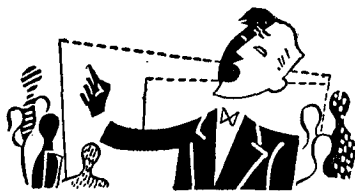
**HOME PORT**, by Olive Higgins Prouty. \$2.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. This is a story about Murray Vale, another member of the family of which Mrs. Prouty has written in *Lisa Vale* and *Now Voyager*. The background is Beacon Street, Boston, and the book is concerned mainly with Murray's fight for the survival of his personality; a fight against tradition and against the domination of a successful and glamorous older brother. The novel lacks the power of the author's most famous work, *Stella Dallas*. A study of a sensitive boy who would not be shaped in the family mold could be fascinating and worthwhile, both from a literary and psychological viewpoint; but the writer bypassed her opportunity in favor of a trite plot that is not even strong enough to make for good melodrama. The writing itself is facile.

**THE ENCHANTED**, by Martin Flavin. \$3.00. *Harper*. This is the odyssey of seven children orphaned and thrust together in war-ridden Europe. They form a cohesive group, battered by the circumstances that govern their communal life and bound by their common mistrust of an adult world. The first part of the book is excellent; the individuality of each child is established from the beginning and all the characters are etched with patience and integrity. But about one third of the way through the story the seven moppets are made to embark on a ship and their subsequent adventures seem as unreal as the story of the "Flying Dutchman." Mr. Flavin shows considerable skill in portraying the mind of a child — its unquestioning acceptance of facts as they present themselves, its intuitive grasp and its sudden, unthinking brutality. But this implausible story seems to hurl the author beyond reality, and the reader is left incredulous and disappointed.

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## THE OPEN FORUM

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### CHIANG KAI-SHEK

SIR: It is impossible to read an article like Mr. Moorad's "Chiang Kai-shek" in the June AMERICAN MERCURY, without wanting to answer some of those old, discredited clichés. Few people know how discredited they are unless they happen to be close to original sources.

I come from a family which has lived for three generations in China, was born there myself, and spent about ten years in rural reconstruction work near Ting Hsien — the Mass Education Center. As Representative Walter Judd of Minnesota has said repeatedly, no government ever accomplished more progress in ten years than China did from 1927 to 1937. That was why Japan struck; China was growing too strong and too prosperous. . . .

Wasn't it enough that we supplied Japan with arms against China; gave China only a dribble of lend-lease, less than the Russian loot from Manchuria; set Russia at her throat by the betrayal at Yalta; and hamstrung her defense against the Communists who, according to on-the-spot testimony "destroyed more in one year than the Japanese did in eight"? No; it seems that we must continue to badger that beleaguered government with undocumented smears, ignore the astonishing reconstruction achievements accomplished even under stress of war, and help the jackals closing in for the kill.

Mr. Moorad has a flabbergasting way of making highly controversial remarks as if they were obvious facts needing no rebuttal. For instance, he says that Chiang "heads a governing group which has set a new low in corruption and mismanagement." That would have to be pretty low, considering that Russia's government has about fourteen million slaves in concentration camps; our government's mismanagement accomplished the impoverishment of Manchuria and the trapping of Korea; and the French gov-

ernment mismanaged itself out of the war while China pounded it out for eight long years. . . . Mr. M. A. Linebarger, who is Professor of Asiatic Politics at the School of Advanced International Studies in Washington, D. C., writes in the spring *Yale Review*:

"China possesses a government more nearly national and more nearly a government than anything seen on Chinese soil since . . . 221-207 B.C."

Dr. Frank Price, who taught for seventeen years at Nanking University, says in the *Christian Century* for May 14, 1947:

"China's Liberals are moving into a key position. They have won strong representation in the new coalition government at Nanking. . . . They are working for a unified, democratic, modernized and prosperous China, independent in its foreign policy but cooperating fully with the United Nations."

One could go on matching Mr. Moorad's statements with rebuttals from reliable sources, but this would mean writing another article using the data which he has bypassed. I wish someone would.

MARGUERITE ATTERBURY

*New York City*

SIR: Marguerite Atterbury's comments seem to deal largely with subjects outside the scope of my brief magazine article. I should like to refer her to "The Rape of Manchuria," which I contributed to the March 1947 AMERICAN MERCURY, and to my forthcoming book, *Duel for Asia*.

Chiang Kai-shek needs neither praise nor damning. His accomplishments in the face of overwhelming travail have probably established him as the greatest national leader of this century. However, both Chiang and his country are very badly in need of realistic appraisal which comes neither from deluded leftists nor yet from the

great lobby of China Hands, whose romantic propaganda so embittered American GIs serving in CBI.

It is not merely the government of China which has set a new low in corruption and mismanagement; Chinese society has become permeated in depth with squeeze and dishonesty. President Chiang Kai-shek said himself in his message of December 31, 1946:

"The national morale is also low. Honesty is regarded as pedantic and self-respect as backward. The practice of speculation and trickery has spread from business circles to the community as a whole. Officials and gentry, in seeking gratification of their selfish purposes, resort to manipulation and other ill practices in total disregard of the country as well as of the people."

Much of this can be laid to the war and even more can be blamed on a century of foreign imperialism and exploitation. But neither of these can account for the failure of China to produce some sort of community consciousness and standards of honesty. The wonder is not merely that China did achieve such progress from 1927-37, but that she failed so miserably in her other 90 years of contact with the West. China has been an international charity case at least since the Boxer Rebellion, and she has missed countless opportunities to achieve order and independence. Of course she has also been subjected to more or less constant pressure and attack, but there is good reason to believe that Chinese incompetence and irresponsibility invited most of this. Dr. Hu Shih said in 1935: "If God helps those who help themselves, why has not the hand of God struck China dead?"

There is no other honest way to analyze Chiang Kai-shek except in consonance with the physical and moral facts about China. Americans are already dangerously addicted to false extremes, where one moment we are tearfully singing the *White Cliffs of Dover* and the next day wildly condemning Winston Churchill as a fascist. I will yield to no one in my love and respect for the people of China — or in admiration for Chiang Kai-shek, who saw more clearly and courageously than any other Allied leader the implicit peril of Stalinism. But I am convinced that the lobby of China Hands and sentimentalists have already done and are still doing grave disservice in picturing Chiang Kai-shek and his government as steel-ribbed democrats.

It should be enough to say that Chiang Kai-shek is a Chinese patriot, dedicated to the national salvation of a broken and bewildered section of geography. Teddy White said: "Chiang

thinks he *is* China." If this is so, there is more than a little evidence that Chiang's conviction is correct.

GEORGE MOORAD

Portland, Ore.

SIR: I just got around to reading the June issue of your magazine. I shall not go into any discussion with Mr. George Moorad or his article on "Chiang Kai-shek" nor shall I argue with Mr. Hirschfeld on the caricature of the Chinese President, although I do not profess to agree with both gentlemen. I would like, however, to protest very strongly against the five bars of color on the cover of the June issue of your magazine. The bars of color in question, namely, red, yellow, blue, white, black, from top to bottom, seem to constitute the old Chinese national flag of the pre-National Government days. This flag, however, was officially discarded in 1928. If your artist had in mind the idea of using the Chinese national flag for the background of his caricature, he is just twenty years behind time. If he does not know what the official Chinese national flag looks like, I shall be glad, very glad, to show him if he can drop in at my office. Otherwise, I suggest he make a trip to the Lake Success UN headquarters or to Rockefeller Plaza, where the Chinese national flag flies with flags of other nations side by side.

SAMUEL M. CHAO

New York City

## ALAN DEVOE

SIR: Just a note to let you know that my wife and I appreciate your magazine a whole lot — and *particularly*, Alan Devoe.

Genius comes along altogether too infrequently — and you are to be congratulated in having this writer on your staff.

A wider appreciation of his work would make all of us better "people."

JOHN A. REA

San Diego, Cal.

## DOGS DEFENDED

SIR: In your May issue there was an item about dogs by one Bergen Evans, in "The Skeptics' Corner." It annoyed me. Evans may be an authority on homosexuality — and he is welcome to it — and he may be able to put Emily Post in her place (no pun intended), but what he doesn't know about dogs would fill a library.

I realize that there is a group of lily-fingered



sophisticates who deplore the nauseating sentimentalism exhibited by people who prefer dogs to pansies. It is true that there are bad dogs, but by and large they compare favorably with people.

Maybe Brother Evans has never heard of the seeing-eye dogs. Nor of the Commando dogs. Nor of my Great Dane, which could make a nice red hole where his throat used to be on the word "attack." However, I feed my Dane meat and not milk-toast.

Neither a dog nor a horse will attack a person, unless they are mad or smell fear. And you can't fool a horse or a dog with Odorono.

The record of dog heroism is too long to even give the highlights. I suggest that Mr. Evans get himself a very tame goldfish. Fish aren't particular about the company they are forced to associate with.

SAM M. JONES

Phoenix, Ariz.

## THE USSR AND WORLD FEDERALISM

SIR: For some time I have read and enjoyed your publication. I was always glad to see that you were never fooled as to the real nature and intentions of the Soviet dictatorship. I have always admired the insistence with which you pointed out that Communism, economic democracy and other similar catchwords were frauds. But I must say that I now feel that your enthusiastic dislike of Communism has taken control of your common sense. . . .

In the July issue you state that the UN has failed [See "The Failure of the United Nations," by Christopher Norborg], in fact that it is an obstacle to us in our efforts to stop Russian expansion. You make a good case. Certainly the Russians have used the veto to hinder and hamstring the work of the UN. But . . . what proposal do you make to take the place of the UN?

As nearly as I can see, you offer me two alternatives: (1) To leave the UN as it is, and to succumb meekly to a Russian expansion which will make of the world a Soviet empire; or (2) to follow, more or less, the policy of James Burnham, which will of course end in a war that will destroy civilization and civilized man alike. Have you nothing better to offer than a Communist-dominated world or no world at all? . . .

I am a veteran of the last war, and I reject both of those alternatives. If the UN cannot work today, there is a way to make it work. . . .

If peace is possible, it may be had under an

organization which can guarantee to every country . . . two things: (1) That it shall not be the victim of war; and (2) that it shall have the right to run its own country as it sees fit. . . .

The only answer, it seems to me, is a federation of all the countries that are not under the Russian yoke. I don't mean a Burnham federation, owned and run by the United States. I don't mean a federation of democracies, like Clarence Streit. I mean a federation of all nations that will federate. Such a single unit will present the kind of united front to Russia that can stop her. . . .

But we have not accomplished anything if we create this anti-Russian power and then leave the two blocs in an atomic arms race which can only end in the destruction of the world. We have got to present the Russians with a combination that they cannot lick, and that they *can join*. Such an organization can only be one which is stronger than Russia and her friends, and stronger than any combination of Russia's enemies. It must not only be able to protect us against them — but it must be able to protect them against us. The notion that they don't need to be protected against us *may* be right — but the fact is that they believe they do, and they will not join an organization that does not take it into account.

This federation would have to have far greater power than any or all of the nations comprising it. . . . Its central principle would have to be that each nation shall have the right to live as it sees fit — not as we see fit. If this perpetuates dictatorships that we would rather see destroyed, that is too bad. We can hardly expect them to enter in a government whose first act would be to strip them of their power.

As a matter of fact it is obvious that this country, in order to have to prepare for war, would have to strip its own citizens of all the liberties that divide us from the Russians. A truly effective national defense program could only be put into effect by a police state as ruthless and all-powerful as the Russian. Even if we should survive a war under this state, it is unlikely, to me at least, that we would ever get our liberties back. . . .

JOHN C. HOLT

New York City

## A BRITISH VIEWPOINT

SIR: It is my belief that America must quickly consolidate her de facto position as trustee for all the principles and ideals which went to the making of the United Nations. In other words she must develop an overwhelming military force. She must also plan and direct the economic life of





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her great and ever-growing sphere of influence and send abroad her missionaries to preach the American way of life.

Perhaps these sentiments will not be very acceptable in some quarters in the States. If this is so I do sincerely hope that some kind American will find time to write to me and set out some other workable alternative to a *Pax Americana* in a world in which the UN is clearly seen to be failing.

Personally I do not view the prospect of America dominating the world with any sense of fear or foreboding. It is a nation which consists of peoples from many nations and it is, therefore, well fitted to govern such a diverse world as this. I shall be told that this is a "theory" but in my view it is one which is a good deal more practicable than the one which asserts that the only hope for the world rests in a government of mankind. If we had cons of time before us, a world government might evolve, but time is now the commodity in shortest supply. Indeed it may be a good deal later than many of us think.

L. D. BOLSOVER

*Bournemouth, England*

## THE ANTIQUITY OF DIRT HOUSES

SIR: The article in the July *AMERICAN MERCURY* concerning rammed-earth houses [See "Why Not Dirt Houses?" by Earl Kirmser] tends to give the impression that rammed-earth construction is a new technique in building.

Rammed-earth construction has been employed since the sixteenth century in the cities of the West Indies. In Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, where the writer spent over ten years, every house in the old walled city is of rammed-earth construction, some of them being several hundred years old. As some of your readers may be interested in details of rammed-earth houses which literally have withstood the wear and tear of centuries, I append hereto some facts about typical Latin-American rammed-earth buildings.

The walls are from eighteen inches to three feet thick. The material employed is a mixture of earth and lime, with some admixture of sand and very clayey soils, tamped into forms as stated in your article. Both exterior and interior walls are finished with kalsomine-type water paints, and this surface seems to offer ample erosion protection, even against torrential tropical rains.

Walls have a consistency somewhat softer than softwood, with no noticeable tendency toward crumbling. They take nails without difficulty, and wall bookcases, etc., are simply nailed into the walls.

Roofs are of flat roof-tiles, laid over mahogany beams. No ceilings are used in the topmost story, as the beams rot quickly when not ventilated. With proper ventilation, mahogany beams are practically everlasting, and, when one of the old houses is torn down to make way for a modern building, the beams are highly prized for cabinet work, as the old "centenary" mahogany takes a finish which is impossible to obtain with new wood.

An interesting footnote on the durability of rammed-earth construction is furnished by the fact that the terrible hurricane of September 3, 1930 destroyed every building in Ciudad Trujillo except the rammed-earth houses in the old walled city. I do not think a single rammed-earth house suffered more than incidental damage in this storm, in which reenforced concrete buildings were destroyed completely.

DONALD C. WOLFORD

New York City

[Mr. Kirmser mentioned several examples of rammed-earth houses which had been built centuries ago. — THE EDITORS]

## THE ROBINSON MENACE

SIR: Lieutenant Colonel Donald B. Robinson writes in the February AMERICAN MERCURY of "The Army's Plans for the Next War." It is well for us victims of this planning by our so-called protectors and self-appointed custodians, to know just how the cards are stacked by these peculiar mentalities whose only concept of power is physical force and its attendant all-over destruction.

There are, however, a few outstanding Army men whose warnings might better be blazoned across the pages of your magazine. General Douglas MacArthur warns us in a realistic and forthright manner that our civilization is in grave danger of being destroyed because of our "child-like faith in armaments." Our only adequate defense plainly is in "good will." How steadily that warning is being ignored by those who are so industriously laying the plans for a next war!

There is an old adage, "We reap what we sow." Who can doubt in the face of the evidence that we reap the whirlwind? Again we might quote: "The wages of sin are death." Only an aroused and intelligent citizenry with an overwhelming desire for survival can protect us from the many Donald Robinsons who are moving in on our bankrupt thinking and taking us over, lock stock and barrel. . . .

ADELINE W. NELSON

Seattle, Wash.



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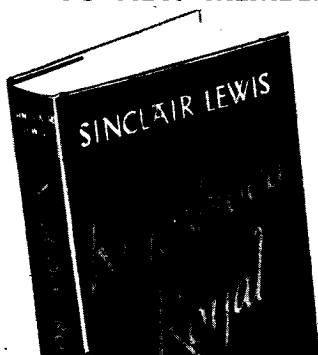
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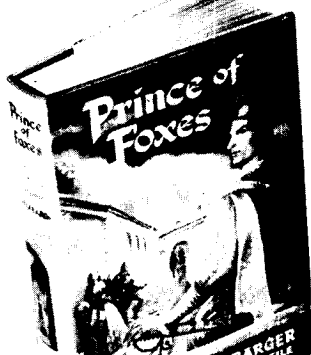
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